

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A LITTLE MORE NEWS ABOUT MARS

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NERO'S FIDDLING A NEW FIRE LIGHTS UP AN OLD STORY

When the Capital of Civilisation
Was in Flames

THE CANDLE NEVER TO BE PUT OUT

Fires, unfortunately, are common enough, yet a petty fire, destroying only a couple of warehouses stocked with paper, has got into all the papers. For this fire occurred in Rome, on the site of the ancient palace of Nero, who, as the legend has it, fiddled while Rome was burning 1863 years ago.

We may the better picture the period by remembering that the Emperor Nero was then master of Britain, that Boadicea had been but two years in the grave, and that the Romans at the time were giving Britain her first great highways, Watling Street, Ermine Street, the Fosse, and others.

The Truth About the Emperor

At the time of the fire Nero was 26, a vicious madman and a murderer, with some smack of genius, perhaps; with a love of art and literature degenerating into a passion for play-acting and chariot-driving in the circus; lord of the world, yet vain in the extreme. He was 35 miles from Rome when the fire began, yet men said he set the city alight so that he might have the glory of building one finer than Augustus had left. The fact is that he hurried back to the capital and did all in his power to suppress the terrible scourge. But even for Nero the flames would not die down. They raged for six days and nights, slackened, then burst out afresh to last a further 72 hours.

The loss of life and property was appalling, and made worse by the action of frenzied sufferers in fiercely resisting efforts to suppress the conflagration. "We have authority for what they do," shouted these insane victims of disaster, and men whispered that such "authority" must have come from Nero.

An Ecstasy of Frenzy

He meanwhile fought the fire, made provision for the homeless, wandered the streets, fascinated; was threatened with assassination, and saved only by the hesitation of those who were willing to slay yet afraid to strike. He mounted a high tower where the late fire had occurred, and, stirred to an ecstasy of frenzy, madly chanted lines describing the burning of Troy, upon which he was at the time writing a poem. He played no fiddle.

There were deep murmurings against him, but he began forthwith to build a nobler, healthier, more spacious Rome, and men's minds were diverted from his supposed guilt to his new labour and leading. Still, a victim must be found, for Rome could not have been fired by chance, it was argued. The Roman populace quickly bethought themselves

Autumn Leaves Are Falling



Many of the trees are now stripped, but in some places the leaves are still falling, and the tinted carpets that cover our lawns and parks tell us that autumn is almost past and winter will soon be here. That, however, does not affect the happiness of the jolly children in the picture

of a strange new sect who practised a religion drawn from turbulent Syria. These people defied the Roman gods; they would not worship with orthodox Romans; they avoided the temples, met in secret, talked of a God newly dead Who was swiftly to return and consume the world with fire. Christians these people were tauntingly called, and they accepted the nickname as an honour. These, said the Romans, must have set fire to Rome!

Gladly Nero, whatever he believed, accepted the suggestion; thankfully he seized a chance of glutting his passion for cruelty.

So began the general martyrdom of the first Christians. They were clad in the skins of animals and torn to pieces by hounds; they were gored by bulls; they were rent and devoured by wild beasts. And one night, a few months after the fire, Nero opened his grounds to the public, who found the place where St. Peter's now stands lighted with strange torches, human beings stretched on crucifixes, clad in garments which had been saturated with oil and

wax. Nero, dressed as a charioteer, drove with laughter down the ways lighted by the living bodies of these followers of Jesus. It was there, long before the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley, that the candle was lighted which, by the grace of God, has never been put out.

The quiet, patient heroism of those sufferers touched certain Roman hearts, made them sad and thoughtful, made them converts. The fiddle of Nero may go, but the actual horror of this foul action following the fire of Rome is burned everlastingly into history, and the deeds of those summer days are, with their consequences, part of the foundations of Christianity.

PHARAOH'S RATTLE

Among other finds of excavators working in Alexandria today is a baby's rattle. It is made of pottery, and there are two small stones inside it. The baby who shook this toy and chuckled at the noise it made lived about 3300 years ago.

How little his mother guessed that the baby's rattle would outlast the strongest forts and walled-in cities of the king!

Where the Animals Beat Us
See My Magazine for November

KATJE'S DAY OUT A LITTLE WORK IN THE GARDEN

The Circus Elephant That
Entertains the Public Free

HOW SHE WENT HOME

It must be admitted that Katje had some provocation. She is an elephant which has done her duty as a star performer in a circus which entertains the towns of Western Germany, and, while being taken by train from Frankfort was thrown with the elephants in another wagon down an embankment.

That was startling for Katje, who is twelve years old (young for an elephant), but she did her best to extricate herself from an awkward predicament by bursting through the side of the wagon and taking to the open country.

Katje on Her Dignity

Trustworthy witnesses say that at first Katje charged along the road as if she were thinking of breaking the record for the Schneider Cup. But let no one pretend that Katje was frightened. Twelve years may be young for an elephant, but Katje has her proper dignity. She soon slackened her pace, and sauntered easily by field path and byway to the village of Nied.

Here was a garden. We rightly say that there *was* a garden. When Katje had gone through it the garden was no more. She ate two shrubs and uprooted the trees. She felled several fences and sheds on her way to a night's rest in a neighbouring wood.

Thoroughly refreshed and in excellent spirits, Katje went off next morning to see how the Frankfort goods yard was looking. It was from there that the wagons of the circus had started, and she bore the place no ill-will. But when her keepers approached to take her in charge she quickly made it clear that a roaming life was the life for her. Katje playfully but firmly refused their overtures, and sought another wood. There she browsed and chuckled to herself for hours while the police were summoned.

How the Frolic Ended

It took 200 police, all the circus staff, several railway officials, and one accident to surround Katje and tie her to a tree. Even then the task of persuading Katje to come home was only begun. She did not want to go back, and if she would not walk how was she to be carried out of the wood?

Finally the head of the clan, the staid old elephant of the circus which does all the tricks and is known all the way from Cologne to Dresden, was sent for. Katje saw him. Her girlish spirits faltered and failed. All pleasant things have an end, and Katje realised that it was time to go home. With a little whimper for her lost liberty she sidled up to her wise old friend, and back she went to her daily work.

DRAMA OF THE LOCK GATES

MUCH ADO ABOUT A LITTLE LAD

How Four Men Saved a Child in Lancashire

DESPAIRING MOMENTS

A small boy of five who lives by the canal at Robcross, near Oldham, will for many days to come be pointed out as the lad whom it took a police inspector, an ordinary policeman, and two other men to rescue from the canal lock, and who all but caused the drowning of the bravest of his rescuers.

The boy was walking on the tow-path near Brownhill Bridge, where the lock is, when he slithered down the bank into the dark water of the lock itself. Mrs. Wild, of a neighbouring village, saw the child disappear, heard the splash, and ran to the edge, shouting as she ran.

Help Arrives

In a cottage a little way off Mrs. Schofield heard the cry for help, and guessed what had happened, for the canal lock has a fearful fascination for little boys. She picked up a clothes-line and sped to the lock, where the two women watched with horrified eyes the child, who was too helpless and frightened to grasp the life-line they threw down to him. They saw him drowning before their eyes. He floated, seeming to be drawn down, to the lock gate, where the inrush of water was like a small waterfall.

Then came the interposition of Providence in the guise of the police. By some miracle Police-Inspector Kaye of the West Riding Constabulary was passing. He heard the women's shouts, rushed to their side, and, without hesitating for a moment, went hand over hand down the streaming lock gate. In his descent he used the thick chain which controls the bottom lock sluice.

A Desperate Situation

He seized the boy, but now the position of both was equally dangerous. The inspector could not climb back with one hand. All he could do was to hang on to the chain with one hand and hold the boy up with the other. He clung on desperately, hoping for help; but help was long in coming.

In the water he became chilled to the bone and cramped of muscle. One hand became so useless that he could no longer hold the boy up with it. He had to employ his useful hand to grasp the lock chain, and hold the boy up by taking his clothes in his teeth. Thus and thus only could he keep the boy's head above water.

Just in Time

He waited desperately, despairingly, for the help that was so long in coming. It seemed as if it would never come. His strength and grip began to fail.

Then, just in time, one of the inspector's men, Constable Seale, arrived. The inspector's head was just being dragged below water when Seale climbed down to them and held them both up. But he was as powerless as the inspector to get back again, or to rescue them or himself.

Happily by this time two other men arrived. Ropes were lowered, and Seale was able to tie them to the inspector and the child, so that they could be hauled up. He came up last. All three have now recovered.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Altai	Ahl-ty
Cassiopeia	Kas-se-o-pe-yah
Hebe	He-be
Hercules	Her-ku-leez
Perseus	Per-syoos
Psyche	Sy-ke
Uspallata	Oos-pah-lyah-tah

THE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE ANYTHING

Superstition Still Alive

THE DOLL IN THE CAR

The other day a dredging machine at work in the River Moselle brought up from the bottom a mass of Roman coins.

They were stuck together in the shape of an urn. Long ago, the experts say, someone wrapped 150 coins in a cloth, stuffed it into a beautiful vase, and threw the whole into the river. Why? Because he was afraid of the river god, and wanted to bribe him with a gift. He believed that in return the god would not flood his fields or swamp his fishing-boat.

It is easy to laugh at such an idea now, but it is not so easy to laugh at the news that people living today are just as superstitious. Indeed, it would be easier to cry than to laugh at such stupidity.

Witchcraft

Only the other day a woman named Isabella Hazelton summoned a farmer in Ireland because he had accused her of witchcraft. The farmer's cows fell sick, and he said Mrs. Hazelton had put a spell on them. He cured them by burning thatch under their noses, an infallible medicine for bewitched cattle, and afterwards tied red rags on their tails because that was supposed to protect them from further evil.

Everyone in the district began to believe that Mrs. Hazelton had cast the evil eye on the cows, and no one would speak to her. So she brought an action for slander, and won it. But if she had lived a few generations ago she would have been in the dock, not in the witness-box. It is almost certain she would have been burned or drowned as a witch.

The Motor Mascot

Yet Ireland need not blush alone for her superstitions. There are people in England not one whit less credulous. They ride about in motor-cars with dolls dangling at their windows, or with some tawdry rag animal peering out as they rush along. They are what they call their mascots, and it means that these people are so steeped in superstition that they believe a dangling doll can save them from an accident. The chances are that people who believe such nonsense are the very people who will have an accident, for they are the people who trust to luck and leave their brains at home.

A WREATH OF WATERCRESS

Covent Garden Loses an Old Friend

We noted the other day the passing of an old lady from Covent Garden, but we gladly pass on this further note about her.

Mrs. Elizabeth James was buried the other day. Perhaps her name is not familiar to you, though she has probably supplied you with that tea-time delight, watercress.

Mrs. James was the Watercress Queen, who began by selling watercress from a basket long ago, and had been known in Covent Garden Market for half a century. "You shall have a wreath of watercress when you die, Mother," her children had jokingly said to her, and when Mrs. James was laid to rest they had placed a huge wreath of watercress on her coffin.

This was not the only remembrance. Over 200 wreaths were brought to her grave from West End stores and costermongers. After a car had driven away from the house bringing its tribute from a large firm a coster called, bringing in his donkey barrow a load of beautiful flowers.

Some people grow prize lilies and roses, but some, like Mrs. James, devote their lives to the growing of things like watercress, and are remembered for the humble task they have done so well.

LIFE COULD EXIST ON MARS

RED PLANET NEWS

Conditions Rather Like Ours on the Earth

CLOUDS AND LOW TEMPERATURE

It hardly occurs to the most damped of holiday-makers to wonder what sort of a summer they had in Mars, but if any are curious the answer is that it was dry, and much warmer than astronomers had been led to expect.

The astronomers are not Martians, who, if they exist, must know the ups-and-downs of their climate fairly well, and could have said long ago whether the snow on Mars is frozen water or whether it is frozen gas, a matter about which earthly astronomers have disputed for forty years.

The Martian Canals

The astronomers who most recently have tried to find the right answer are Dr. Coblentz and Mr. Lampland, and they have been examining the Red Planet anew from that Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona where Percival Lowell first asserted that the Red Planet was a world fit for men to live in, and that the Martians had made it fitter by laying down a colossal system of canals.

Dr. Coblentz and Mr. Lampland now reply to the objectors, who declared that Mars was far too cold and had much too little air for any such work or any such beings, that the Red Planet is much warmer than was supposed. Its average temperature throughout the year ranges from 45 degrees, say that of an English December, to 65 degrees, which would not be out of the way for an English June.

The Dark Patches

It is, of course, colder at the Martian Poles than at the Equator, and, as the new discoverers tell us, colder on those light ochre coloured areas which give the planet its ruddiness than on the dark patches which might be marshes, but are, perhaps, 7000 feet lower than the high desert plateaus.

The observations have been made with the greatest care. If they are right then Mars is a much more level planet than ours, its temperature is low when it is cloudy, and it is much cloudier than twenty years ago it was believed to be. Perhaps old Sir William Herschel, who said it was more like the Earth than any other planet, was right. If these new discoverers are right then Mars is a habitable world.

NEWS FROM A CHURCH SPIRE

The Bottle at the Top

A very interesting bit of news has come from a very unusual place; it is in a bottle at the top of a church spire at Harrogate.

The church was built 65 years ago, and the foreman builder was John Ellis. He built well, for his church has stood the test of time, and he had some imagination, for at the very top of the spire he built into the brickwork a bottle with a little message for the future. This is what he said:

The electric telegraph has got near to perfection; but, in my mind, we are only in our infancy.

The railway accommodation at present is very good; the rate of travelling is about thirteen miles an hour for Government trains, and the charge is a penny a mile.

The International Exhibition in London is open now.

John Ellis was a good prophet, but what would he say, one wonders, if he could see today what has become of the electric telegraph? He would surely think that though it is a grandfather by now it is still in its infancy.

BEHIND THE GAY THRONG

A True Story of the Riviera Hills

The rich and happy people who leave us for the sunshine every winter will be thinking of the Riviera very soon. They will be thinking of gay crowds and dazzling gambling rooms, and some of them perhaps, a few of them, will be thinking of the beauty of the world in those great hills behind the coast.

One of the bravest things that was ever done in the world was a walk on these hills. We have just heard of it, and we believe that the story has never been published before.

It was a very ordinary walk to the people who accompanied the heroine of that tragic journey, but she, brave lady, will not forget it.

She was a woman whose sick husband had been sent by the doctors to the mountains above the Riviera coast. There she nursed him for months. Then he grew weary of the solitude and craved to be taken down to the world below, where there were lighted streets, laughing crowds, and flowers, and music, and everything spoke of busy life.

Down the Rocky Path

So the invalid was put on a litter, and his wife walked at his side. Down and down they went. Even in a motor-car it takes a weary time to descend those winding, rocky tracks of the southern hills, and it must have seemed an eternity to those who went on foot. But all the time the woman talked cheerfully to her husband, as if she had no thought of her own weariness, and was absorbed in the effort to comfort the journey for him.

At last the little procession reached its goal, and then the woman's heroism was revealed. *Her husband had died on the way down.* She knew that if the bearers discovered it they would refuse to go on, for they had a superstitious fear of death. And so, mastering her heartbreak, the brave widow walked on, talking to a man who would not hear her voice again till the long journey of this life is over.

THINGS SAID

What matters is not man's origin but his prospects. *Bishop of Ripon*

The world is getting too funny to be made fun of. *Mr. G. K. Chesterton*

The faster men travel the less they see. *A Traveller from the East*

What children learn earliest remains with them longest. *Bishop of Woolwich*

Man may succeed in colonising other planets. *Professor J. B. S. Haldane*

In China people have lately starved to death rather than rob another's fields. *An American Writer*

City men live mostly on sandwiches and a glass of water. *Sir Charles Wakefield*

When a motorist changes gear badly he is ill-treating 500 of the 12,000 parts in his car. *A Motor Show Expert*

Almost without exception the leading American authorities are now opposed to more skyscrapers. *A New York Correspondent*

If I should increase my porter's wages tenfold he would be a poorer porter, an unhappier man, and a less worthy human being. *A Japanese*

What have the 1000 churches of Tyneside done for that one-third of the families of Newcastle living in one or two rooms?

Chairman of Congregational Union

Five out of six on a committee know nothing of the matter. The sixth knows and gets on with it. The others show their keenness by opposing him. *Rev. Edward Lyttellon*

October 29, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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A CALL TO BIRD LOVERS

ARE WE FALLING BEHIND?

The Humane Test of a Nation's Civilisation

PROTECT ALL BIRDS ALWAYS

One of the best tests of real civilisation, the civilisation that reaches the heart and affects the springs of conscience, is the treatment a country gives to animal life.

Judged broadly by that test Great Britain has no fear of comparison with other countries, except in one particular. It will be regrettable news to many that as regards her care for bird life Britain is not in the van of progress.

Attention is drawn to that fact in a Call to Bird Lovers sent out by the admirable Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds. There was a time when Great Britain was acknowledged as the leader of every movement toward sympathetic friendliness to animals, but she has lost the lead. Several other countries have left her behind in their care for bird life, notwithstanding the encouraging tendency now noticeable in Britain toward the forming of bird sanctuaries.

Laws in Britain and Abroad

Our slipping back has come about in a very simple way. In the Netherlands, and many of the States of the American Republic, *all birds are protected at all times*, except such as are distinctly named as destructive and undeserving of protection. In France, Belgium, and Germany all insectivorous birds are protected against their nests being destroyed, their eggs or young removed, and the young or old being slaughtered by decoys, netting, and other wholesale forms of destructiveness.

But our English laws mention by name the birds that must *not* be destroyed, that is, those that are protected more or less, and leave it to be supposed that others may be dispossessed of nesting places and be robbed and slaughtered at will.

The Principle to be Upheld

If some birds are seriously destructive to plant and fruit life they should be named and, if need be, stand condemned, though the list is not nearly so long as it is generally supposed to be. But all those that are not outlawed by name should come on the list of the protected. We hope that bird lovers everywhere will uphold the principle of protection for all birds that are reasonably innocent. Most of those that are blamed do incomparably more good than harm. Some that do the most harm are on the list to be protected for purposes of sport, while many wholly innocent are not on the protected list.

If Great Britain were to protect *all birds at all times* except those put outside the law by distinct mention she would be reinstated in the position in the van of progress from which she has been so regrettably ousted by nations like the humane Netherlands.

The Call From Scotland

Why this should be done for the birds is well stated in the Scottish Call to Bird Lovers. "Birds are a national possession (this document says). They are glorious creatures, a delight to see. They are of supreme importance in destroying noxious insects. They eat the seeds of many weeds which without their aid would be difficult to keep in control. They keep down vermin that destroy the crops. They destroy insects which cause injury or death to cattle. By their aesthetic appeal and their value to agriculture they are an asset to the nation, and the nation is bound to see to their protection."

It will do so in no uncertain way when it is aware of the facts.

THE GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY



The artist's daughter Marguerite



A portrait of Miss Juliet Mott



A brilliant example of Gainsborough's work as a young man



One of Gainsborough's masterpieces



A portrait painted in the artist's later years

To celebrate the bicentenary, that is, the 200th anniversary, of Thomas Gainsborough's birth an exhibition of his pictures has been held at Ipswich, where he lived as a young man, and here we give some of the most interesting examples of his portraits shown there. The majority of Gainsborough's pictures in this exhibition were painted before the artist's genius had been universally recognised and he had become famous

FALL OF A GREAT PLACE

PAST AND PRESENT OF A BEAUTY SPOT

The Home of a Great Family Figuring in Shakespeare

LINKS WITH THE PLAGUE

There is trouble at the heart of Wensleydale, a beauty spot in Yorkshire which is famous in our annals; for Wensley, the mother town, which gives it its name, is in danger of seeing the roof and timbers of its famous and ancient church collapse under the united assaults of Time and beetles.

Wensleydale gives us a famous breed of sheep, the blue-faced, blue-skinned Wensleydales, aristocrats of the long-wool breeds. Wensley, once a famous market town, is now a hamlet of only 200 people, grouped around a splendid church which 500 years ago had attached to it a college of deans, canons, and prebends. Today it cries to England for a pittance to save its perished lead from disappearing and its timbers from the onslaught of the dreaded death-watch beetle. How comes this great change?

A Historic Valley

History in stormy volumes has flowed up and down the valley on which Wensley bestows a title. Kings, princes, and soldiers faring forth to war with Scotland marched up Wensleydale; Scots in their hour of victory or successful insurrection marched, plundering, down Wensleydale.

The great family of Scrope is from Wensleydale. Shakespeare has representatives of the house in four of his plays. He calls them Scroop, and is doubtless right, for Scroop is the pronunciation. A Scrope was acting as Lord Chancellor of England when Wensley Church was in its glory; and another Scrope, his son, Archbishop of York, belongs to the same period. He it was who, with other nobles, rose against Henry the Fourth and was beheaded in one of his own fields at Bishop Thorpe.

A Stirring Scene

Yet another Scrope came into that great scene at Southampton when Henry the Fifth was on his way to Agincourt. Who does not remember the stirring scene as the traitors are brought forward, charged with conspiring against his life? This is what Harry says to Scroop:

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature! Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightst have coined me into gold, Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use! Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful? Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family? Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet, Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, Constant in spirit? Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot. I will weep for thee, For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man.

The Plague

But a great scourge was to affect Wensley more than these events. The plague swept over England, and caught Wensley in its fatal coils. Since then the old town has never recovered. The population, originally four times its present size and much greater at market times, never increased after that dread visitation, when all fled who could, and only the dead and stricken remained.

Wensley is one of the few instances in existence to prove that a single disaster may have ruinous effects extending over several centuries.

THE BLACK RAT FROM SARK

HOW HE CAME TO THE ZOO

A Choice Morsel for Timothy and What It Led To

HIS LONG TALE

One of our correspondents has had the interesting experience of taking a little creature from the island of Sark to the Zoo, and she sends us this story of her adventure.

Timothy was a sleek and handsome young black rat, very bold and venturesome. But, alas! his daring led him into a sorry plight one fine night, when, faring forth too far in search of food, his dainty muzzle sniffed an enticing smell on the night breeze.

On near approach it proved to be a choice morsel of grilled kipper. Timothy, in his haste to devour this tasty savoury, forgot all need of caution, and as he raised his forepaws to the bait clang banged the door of his prison.

The Loss of His Freedom

A grey dawn broke over the island, to reveal behind the iron bars of his prison a chastened rat, too disconsolate to be interested in such mundane things as food; brooding on the loss of his freedom; alternately savage and despairing until human footsteps drew near. Then a nice young farmer man picked up the cage and rat and swung off down the hill to his breakfast.

For a day and a night Timothy was suspended in his cage from the rafters of the quaint old farmhouse kitchen, from which height he surveyed and communed on the habits of the queer humans beneath him.

Regretting His Folly

On the morning of the second day of his captivity Timothy's cage was unhooked, and, after a tin of brown bread soaked in milk had been put in, a piece of sacking was tied round the cage. Much jolting and movement ensued for several hours, and poor Timothy began, for the second time in two days, to regret his folly in giving way to a rash enjoyment of good things to eat. Though he did not know it, he was on board the steamer for England.

Presently a number of voices round him seemed to be asking questions as to the contents of the cage, and then, pricking up his sharp ears, he heard things concerning his history and origin he had never known before.

A clear young voice informed curious inquirers that the animal was a Sark black rat, which was exactly the same as the old English black rat, plentiful in the island of Sark but almost extinct in England since the arrival of the large brown rat from Norway.

The Rat of the Legend

"This rat, the smallest of the rat species," the voice went on, "is a direct descendant of the European rat of the Middle Ages. It is of Eastern origin, and was apparently brought to the shores of Western Europe by the galleys of the Crusaders, as there is no evidence of its presence before the time of the Crusades. Thereafter the black rat continued to arrive, and it was the only European rat of the Middle Ages. So it was the rat of the legend of the Pied Piper, as may be gleaned by ancient inscriptions in Hamelin. Also it was the rat of the great plagues before 1700. Only in about 1730 did the brown rat reach England.

"Until about 1910 the black rat had become almost extinct in England, but recently in the Port of London and at other trading ports both species have been found, living in perfect harmony. Still, the black rat is comparatively rare in England."

"I may be the smallest of the rat species," said Master Timothy to himself, "but I've got a far longer tale than Mr. Brown Rat anyhow." A few

THE HOUSE ON THE BRIDGE

A Little Place the Poets Loved

SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME

England has lost one link with Wordsworth, but has succeeded in saving another.

The lost link is Richard Ellis, a well-known character in the Ambleside district, whose death in his ninetieth year we have already noted.

The link which was nearly lost, but was happily saved at the last moment, is the Ambleside Bridge House. It is said to be the smallest house in the land; there is a tiny room upstairs and a tiny room below, and the upper room is reached by steps outside the house.

This little house is built on a stone bridge which spans Stock Beck, and about a century ago it was a summer-house in the grounds of Ambleside Hall. Later the main road cut through the park, so that the summer-house found itself on the highway. It then became a house of call for parcels, and the stage coaches used to stop there.

Sketched by Ruskin

In time it became first a dwelling-place and then a cobbler's shop, but the other day it was put up for sale. Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Harriet Martineau, and De Quincey all admired the dear little doll's house, and Ruskin sketched it in 1837.

But the lovers of old Ambleside felt that its end had come; it seemed likely to be pulled down or used for some vulgar advertisement. So several of them got together and subscribed toward its purchase, and now the danger is over. Not only Ambleside people, but thousands of others who visit the Lake Country in holiday time, will be grateful for the generosity which has saved the old Bridge House. Long may it stand to please us with its charm and to remind us of the immortal man who so often took a walk to look at it, and may have often murmured to himself as he did so "Earth has not anything to show more fair."

PICKLES, MICKLES, AND MUCKLES

A courteous Scottish reader corrects our misuse of the Scottish word mickle. It means big, not little. So also does the Scottish word muckle.

To English ears it seems that as muckle means big, mickle by contrast must mean little; but it is not so. The words are variants of each other with the same meaning—big.

"Many a mickle makes a muckle" is a common English usage, but is quite wrong. The Scottish proverb is "Mony a pickle makes a mickle"—pickle meaning little in Scottish speech. So far as the C.N. is concerned we will try to remember this and reform our ways.

By the way, there is an English local usage which is possibly a variant of pickle, meaning little. In Norfolk a little croft adjacent to a farmhouse is called the piggle (pronounced pytle) in distinction from the larger fields.

Continued from the previous column

hours later the voyage came to an end. Then came the Customs House. The officials were rather dubious about the contents of the cage, but the production of a letter from the Zoological Society of London was Open Sesame into England for the little black rat.

A sleepy train journey, and London was reached the same night. The next morning Timothy was formally introduced to the Zoo, where he is in a cage by himself among cages of rats of all colours, countries, and sizes. Anyone can find him, for he is described above his cage as the "Black Rat (Mus rattus) from the Island of Sark."

A CITY BURIED IN A JUNGLE

Ruins Which Terrify the Africans

Rumours of a buried city near Malindi in Kenya led a party of white men to investigate, and, as described in the C.N. Map last week, it was found buried, not in earth or sea but in jungle, and infested with dangerous wild beasts.

The name of the city is known to be Gedi, but the excavators do not yet know whether its inhabitants were of Arabic or Persian origin.

About a thousand years ago a sultan built himself a palace on a creek leading from the sea, and shops, market-places, and streets sprang up round it. The city was encircled with nearly six miles of walls, sentries marched up and down, and ships sailed to the quays. In the splendid mosques people prayed, and on the sunny steps outside people begged. At the palace slaves were fanning the sultan, bringing him wine, or filling one of his marble baths with warm water scented with flower-petals.

It may have been war or plague that put an end to this rich and busy life. No one knows, but the African natives are terrified of the place, and so were their grandfathers before them.

To cut away the dense jungle will take a long time, and we must wait till that is done before we can know anything more about Gedi.

THE FARMER'S DOG IN TOWN

How He Went Through Bedford Square

A farmer is almost as rare as a beggar on horseback in London's busy streets, but one rode through Bedford Square the other day, and those who turned to look with surprise saw a rarer sight still. They saw the farmer's dog jump up to join his master!

It was a very practical step (or should we say jump?), for the motors were ramping and hooting at the crossings, and good dog Tray, rightly thinking that this was no place for him, took a flying leap on to the back of the horse in front of the rider.

He had evidently been there before, and his master was as clearly used to having him, for he steadied his faithful first friend with one arm, and the second friend, the horse, trotted soberly with them on its way.

A pretty sight in London town, bringing with it a breath of the country and the old-time affection between man and his dumb dependants.

For the dog it was safety first, but trust and affection were clearly by no means a bad second.

WHO INVENTED THE REAPER?

A Lake Country Claim

Not long ago Scotsmen were celebrating the centenary of the invention of the reaping machine by a Forfarshire minister, Patrick Bell.

Now the farmers of the Lake Country are setting up a rival claim. They say that Joseph Mann, of Raby Cote in Cumberland, was first in the field, and the Holme Cultram Agricultural Society has decided to give him a memorial.

Mann worked out his invention between 1810 and 1820, and produced a working model before the Abbey Holme Agricultural Society. When the machine was built, though it did not fulfil the promise that it would cut an acre of grain an hour, it did its work with remarkable regularity and despatch.

But farmers are a conservative class, and the labourers were hostile to a device avowedly labour saving, so the machine was allowed to rust.

MYSTERY OF SIX LOAVES

What Happened in the Night

REMARKABLE STORY FROM AUSTRALIA

A New South Wales reader sends us this striking experience of ants in Australia.

My first experience of Australian life was in a small shanty in a remote part of the northern wheat belt. Except for the six-monthly laying-in of household stores, the place was self-supporting. Bread, soap, candles, were home-made.

On one occasion the tri-weekly batch of loaves, fresh from the oven, were packed for the night in a tin trunk, and the lid was firmly fastened down. But cracks must have been left somewhere, for in the morning, instead of six large loaves, there was only a seething mass of small black ants in the trunk.

There was no bread; and how the ants had got it all out was a puzzle. Closer inspection revealed a series of well-trodden, and clearly-defined pathways, about an inch wide, across the floor, down the verandah steps, and across the garden path to beneath a decayed tree stump.

All through the night those indefatigable insects had carried away our bread supply crumb by crumb, and each loaf was in proportion to the size of the ants twice the size that a pyramid would be to a human being.

AUSTRALIA'S FLEET OF LINERS

A Commonwealth Experiment Goes Wrong

Though Australia is an island, her people have not yet managed to become a great seafaring nation.

Like America, it has been her ambition to have a mercantile marine of her own, and so end her dependence on the British liner. Like America, however, she has found the competition a costly and disheartening business.

The Commonwealth Line of steamers is working at a heavy loss, and the Government has decided that the enterprise shall be handed over to the care of a private company.

Too big and too many salaries to directors and managers is stated to be the principal cause of the heavy losses, and it is said that at least £10,000 a year could be saved in the London office. But probably a greater difficulty is that the Australians, like the Americans, are not yet a seafaring people, and for the same cause—that their energies are absorbed in developing their vast territories.

NO MORE UMBRELLAS?

Leeds University Thinking About It

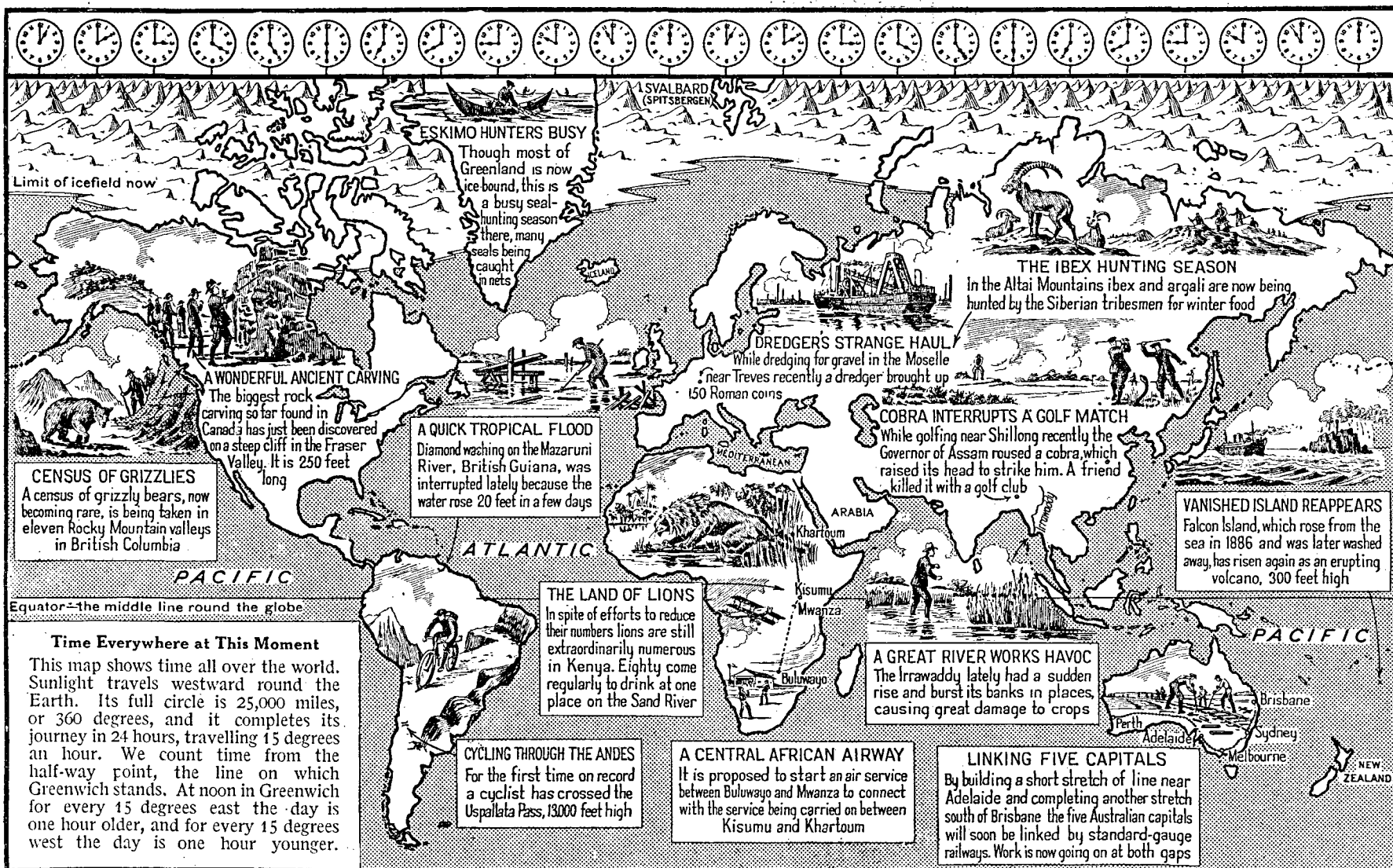
The rain, which falls alike on the just and unjust fellow, has roused the scientific men of Leeds University to produce a cloth which will be as serviceable and as welcome as a covered-top omnibus in wet weather.

We described nearly two years ago the idea of a New Zealand chemist for making all clothing waterproof; now an attempt is being made at home.

If all that is hoped of the new fabric comes true it will be possible to go out in a downpour and yet attend a lecture or go to the office with skirts or trouser legs that will not flop wet about us for hours, but which, like the overcoat hung on the peg, will dry before any harm is done.

It is a pleasant prospect for all who have to seek their work in all weathers and sometimes forget their Burberrys. The new, quickly-drying cloth is now being tried on eager young scientific men, who are first soaked and then put in a specially-constructed room to dry.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME-MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



OUR RIGHT TO OUR OWN The Heights of the Countryside GREAT AREAS SACRIFICED TO GUNMEN

The Manchester Ramblers Federation has been demonstrating at Hayfield in the Kinder Valley, overlooked by the trackless moorland of Kinderscout, in favour of freer access for walkers to the alluring wilds, which are too often reserved for the benefit of a few gunmen and gamekeepers.

Manchester and Sheffield are the two great cities most concerned with this Access to Mountains movement. Each sends forth thousands of walkers to the breezy heights within easy reach. But we should like every lover of open-air life and primeval scenery to be interested.

Only one part of England is as free as every hill district ought to be. Lakeland, perhaps the loveliest concentration of varied scenery on Earth within an equal area, is happily free. Nowhere else in England is the lover of Nature as welcome. No sound reason has ever been given why innocent lovers of mountain solitudes should be excluded from the uplands on which they find an unspeakable delight. But to a large extent they are excluded. They go, and will go; but they go as trespassers.

The kind of people who seek the heights are precisely the kind of people who will do no damage, but will respect the reasonable rights of owners, as they demand that their rights as Englishmen who delight in England shall be respected. The C.N., on behalf of the coming generation of Englishmen, joins wholeheartedly in the assertion of the right of Nature-lovers to see the secluded and exhilarating beauties of their own land unmolested.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS A Mother's Courage

A cool and courageous thing was done in Allahabad the other day.

Mrs. Larwell, whose husband is chaplain to the garrison at Muttra, was wheeling her four-year-old girl through the fields in a perambulator when she saw a bull rushing toward them. Many women would have tried to run away with the child, and in that case mother and child would certainly have been overtaken, knocked down, and gored to death.

But this brave woman pushed the child out of the bull's way, and when it charged her she seized it by the horns. There was a terrific tussle, but she managed to keep her hold. Some minutes passed before men rushed up and beat the bull off.

The child is uninjured, but Mrs. Larwell is severely bruised.

DEEDS AND DRUMS From the Lawyer's Box to the Nursery

From a musty deed box in a lawyer's office to a child's sunny nursery is a long way; not even Hans Andersen's little tin soldier experienced such a change in his varied career.

Such, however, is the transformation that takes place in all the old, out-dated parchment deeds, yellow with age and covered with all kinds of crabbed or copper-plate handwriting. They are made now into toy drums.

The writer was shown a big pile of these drums the other day at a toyshop, the gaily-painted frame parts contrasting oddly with the venerable parchments inside them, each of which bore details of some solemn contract which Time had brought to an end.

Through this way of using old documents toy drums with real parchment, of the very best quality, of course, are now very cheap.

THE COSTER'S HARVEST HOME

How the Donkeys Gave Thanks

There have been Harvest Festivals all over the country, but none surpassed the picturesque service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Southwark, which was attended by costermongers from all parts of London.

The church was decorated by them, and they made it gay by their clothes as well as their gifts of fruit and vegetables. Many of them had suits covered all over with gleaming pearl buttons, and the women wore hats trimmed with ostrich feathers of brilliant colours.

The Coster King of Walworth, Mr. Jim Duckworth, read the lessons and gave a short address. The Mayor of Southwark attended, and the vicar preached.

The donkeys had their share in the thanksgiving, although they knew so little about it. Dozens of barrows were drawn up in the churchyard outside, and every donkey had a full nosebag.

A KING IN THE DESERT The Car Among the Arabs

The King of the Hejaz might ride on a milk-white camel or an Arab steed with a purple saddle-cloth and a bridle hung with orange tassels, but, instead, he means to cross the desert by motor, and an English firm has made him a wonderful car.

It has a body of machine-turned aluminium, which will glitter blindingly in the Eastern sunlight, and the Royal Standard will float from a silver flagstaff on the offside front wing, while a soldier will stand on each running board.

At night the car's searchlight will throw a beam over the desert for a mile and a half. Its seats can be turned into beds. There is a drinking-water tank on board and accommodation for 58 gallons of petrol, so that even if his Majesty's chauffeur gets lost in the desert for a while there will be no harm done.

FLYING TO THE TENNIS LAWN

In the Days of the Helicopter A BIG STEP FORWARD

The aeroplane is coming more and more into our daily life, but before it can even attempt to rival the motor-car in popularity radical changes will have to be made in it.

Its greatest drawback is that large spaces are necessary from which to operate, and when we have machines that can rise and alight with ease on a space no larger than a tennis lawn the supremacy of the motor-car will be seriously challenged.

The helicopter, a machine which rises and descends vertically, is the aircraft which will solve this problem, but the problem of the helicopter itself has first to be solved. The successful machine which is nearest to this is the Cierva autogiro, sometimes known as the windmill plane, because the rotating surfaces which support the machine in flight are rather like the vanes of a windmill, only working horizontally instead of vertically.

The autogiro takes off after only a short run on the ground, the revolving vanes lifting the machine into the air at a steep angle, an ordinary propeller giving it its forward direction. The machine can almost hover over a given spot, and can descend vertically from a great height, flattening out a little when actually alighting and coming to rest only a few yards from where it first touched the ground.

The Air Ministry has been conducting experiments with the autogiro for some time, and that it is a practical machine is amply proved by the fact that the other day a cross-country flight of fifty miles was made with it. The autogiro is not a real helicopter, but it is a big step toward it, and the day may not be far ahead when a house with a fair-sized garden will be able to receive visitors on the lawn from the air instead of at the front door by car.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 29 1927

The Meanness of Man

A VALUED correspondent urges us to start a crusade against "the senseless, barbarous, heart-rending, and unchristian slaughter of the beautiful, remarkable, and uncommon living things on the planet we inhabit"; and he puts his thoughts so well that we will pass on his appeal.

He says of the creatures men ruthlessly destroy: "They are all the thoughts of God, and have taken millions of years to perfect. But in a few hundreds of years there will be no leviathans of the sea or land: no whale, no wild elephant, no rhinoceros, no hippopotamus, no giraffe, no walrus, no ovis poli, no rhea." We give the rest of our correspondent's letter.

Expeditions (he says) are being fitted out to exterminate the big Java lizard which lately has been what is called "discovered." Big game hunters, an inexorable race, "sportsmen," private collectors, emissaries of museums, ornithologists, trappers are allowed to ravage and destroy all the finest typical works of creation they can find. To make £5 men will not hesitate to take the life of any creature, however wonderful it may be. Nothing is too small to escape search, nothing too beautiful to excite pity.

Birds of paradise (our correspondent goes on), humming-birds, egrets, penguins, anything that has any commercial value, are doomed. Nothing rare or strange or lovely has a right to exist on this planet if we are to listen to these people who hunt and kill. The cruelty of the trapper in the Arctic regions is unspeakable. The destruction of egrets in the nesting season is a stain on the character of the women who permit it to be done for their adornment.

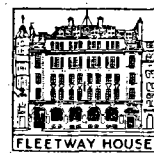
So far our correspondent. It is all appallingly true. Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn; but his inhumanity to the members of a creation of which he is the sublime climax is infinitely greater. He often sins against his fellow-man in thoughtlessness and carelessness, and not by deliberate purpose; but he sins against the lower orders of God's creation in mere sport. He revels in it because he is master of them through his finer faculties. The pitiable meanness of it! God having raised him to infinitely greater intelligence and endowed him with a soul, he must assert his power by slaughtering the feeble and helpless creations in the same great fraternity of living things!

Of course he, to a large extent, wrongs the other orders of creation as he wrongs his fellow-man—in mere thoughtlessness and by vicious custom. He has never seen the matter aright. He does as others do, and probably has not given the matter a moment's serious reflection. It is for all who see the beauty of a love that embraces "all things both great and small," like the love of God, to keep pointing to the higher road along which humanity, now burdened with many bad habits, will undoubtedly travel upward in a not far-distant future with lighter steps, with easier consciences, and with kinder hearts.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Protecting Him

AT a Government dinner to delegates attending a London Conference for protecting wild ducks the delegates began by eating—wild duck!

We understand that it is not true that the delegates then sang the new song "No harm can come to him now."

The Men Who Sit by the Water

TWENTY-EIGHT fishermen of Chertsey, who were fishing the Thames for the Surrey and Middlesex Championship, have aroused again a suspicion we have long felt.

They fished all day for a gudgeon of under six inches. The Angling Association gave the successful fisherman and the members of his club fourteen medals and a trophy for it.

The suspicion mentioned is whether anglers ever catch fish. In the summer holidays, at home or abroad, we often see thoughtful anglers by the banks of a stream, but has any one ever seen them catch a fish?

It may be that they prefer to catch fish by stealth and blush to find it fame. But that will not do either, because, if so, they would not write so often on "How I caught my first salmon." That must be a great moment in an angler's life. Looked forward to, perhaps, for years, perhaps never repeated.

One Word More to the B.B.C.

THE C.N. has more than once called attention to what it feels is a very serious aspect of the wonderful influence of the B.B.C.

We yield to none in our admiration for the work it is doing. We have no sympathy with the carping critics who would turn this remarkable institution into a sort of third-rate music hall. We think it does its work better than most of its critics ever could.

But we think all good people have some right to complain of the sort of thing that is allowed to come into their homes from 2 L.O. If some people like to use foul language, or language of needless violence, that is their business; we do not invite them to our drawing-rooms. If some theatres like to sink to such a level of depravity that clean-minded people are unable to go to them that is their business; we can stay away. But we cannot escape the B.B.C. It comes into our homes whether we will or not, and as often as not the children are listening.

We think it should be the first rule of the B.B.C. that there should be no swearing. Those who want it can pick up this vulgar habit in the gutter or in the tap-room; those who do not encourage it in their homes are entitled to ask the Postmaster-General to protect them from what has become a very great unpleasantness.

Now We Shall Know the Fare

THE new taximeters have been passed by the National Physical Laboratory. We understand that the figures can be seen through their high-power microscope.

Tip-Cat

A SCOT thinks the kilt is the only sensible garment for men. There is so little of it, it does not cost much.

IN Buckingham they are advertising: Ripe freehold land for sale. Very nice for anyone who wants to eat dirt.

A SUBURBAN cook plays in a jazz band. She felt she must do something with the bones.

HUNDREDS of millions of cigarettes were smoked last year. Most of them, no doubt, by young men who never have a chance to save.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the secretary bird writes with its quill

WHAT is the most monotonous thing in the world? No change.

THESE are not the piping times of peace, we are told. Bad news for plumbers.

WOMEN are said to be more clubbable than they used to be. Surely not more than they were when prehistoric man had the club?

THE naturalist who thinks men should love rain as well as sunshine is an American. Lives in a dry country.

THE whining schoolboy is said to have disappeared. Now he will have something to whine about.

It is suggested that golfers ought to have some pet name. But nobody loves them enough for that.

The Pity of It

PERHAPS all that is of permanent benefit to mankind in the enormous output of printed material could still be published with blocks and hand presses.

The printed page in China used to be revered; now great presses have invaded our country and the people have lost respect for what they read.

A Chinese Newspaper Man

Let Us Be Thankful

Let us praise God for the day, for the glory and warmth of the Sun, for the stir of life, and for honest toil that wins food and rest.

For the earth, the sustainer of life; for the hills, the plains, and the dales; for the beauty of meadows and fields, of flowers and of trees.

For the sky, for the shifting clouds, and for the glory of sunrise and sunset.

For the shelter from wind and weather, and for the love which hallows our home.

There Was a Small Thing Which Lived Under a Shoe

By Our Country Girl

HE was so small and so frightened! Never before had the Big Man and the Big Woman seen such panic. The poor lost mite ran this way and that, covering the same ground a score of times, and crying all the while.

"He is only a baby," said the Big Man.

"His mother is probably frantic," said the Big Woman. "Can you see anything that looks like his home?"

They could not. On either side was a high stone wall, with fields beyond.

"Anyway, we can't leave him here," said the Big Woman; "he might get run over."

His Panic Subsided

At that moment, to their great surprise, the lost baby ran toward them, and after making two circles round the strangers he ran under the man's shoe. Then his panic subsided and his dizzy wanderings came to an end. Snuggled against the heel, sheltered by the arch made by the instep, the baby shrew mouse felt safe at last because he had found cover.

The man stood still till the woman found a mouse-like hole in one of the walls; then he raised his foot, she seized the baby, introduced it to the hole and—whisk! it was gone.

Mr. Hadduck's Hat

THE other day, when travelling with a small boy who carried his railway ticket tucked in his stocking, we were reminded of Mr. Hadduck. Mr. Hadduck lived in Chicago about 1835.

He was, we read, an interesting figure, wearing black broadcloth suits, with a high collar, an old-fashioned black stock, and a large diamond solitaire in his shirt-front. He was a miller, and came home at night covered with white mill dust. His little granddaughter used to meet him and brush him, and then off came that high hat, which contained papers of all descriptions, leases, deeds, mortgages, banknotes, even the morning paper, and often a present for the granddaughter.

Question and Answer

When she asked, "Grandfather, how do you manage to get your hat off when you see a lady?" he would chuckle and reply: "Oh, I just shake the brim of it a little!" When the child said, "Why don't you carry your money in your pocket?" he would answer serenely, "My dear, your grandmother does not like to see me with my pockets bulging."

Even when climbing ladders Mr. Hadduck clung to his top hat, and once, when he lost his balance and fell from the second storey, he was picked up unconscious, with the tall hat full of papers crushed over his head. After it was got off it was found that he was unhurt, and the tall hat had saved his life. "My dear (he said to his grandchild), always wear a high hat when you climb a ladder!"

October 29, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

MARVEL ON MARVEL

ONE WONDER FALLS UPON ANOTHER'S HEEL

Soundless Sounds and What May Come From Them

MUSIC FROM THE AIR

Invention grows too swift for us; it races through so many channels to such different goals that an average brain is dizzy in trying to understand the wonders, half-revealed, imperfectly controlled, mysterious even to those who originate and explore them.

Today there are coming to public notice three marvels, each startling enough to mark an epoch. In one a man, with a brass rod protruding from an electric battery, is said to play any tune he chooses merely by waving his hands near the brass rod.

In another a succession of scientists have discovered unknown rays coming out of the Heavens and descending on the Earth with such force that they penetrate 11 feet of lead, and so are harder than the hardest rays of radium. We do not know where the rays are coming from nor what purpose they serve. They penetrate our bodies with a force of 28 hundredweights a cubic centimetre a second, but no one knows if they are harmful or beneficial.

Galton's Famous Experiment

And, next, men make soundless sound gather audible sound from the sea, destroy animal life, and do work. Long ago a delightful old scientist, Sir Francis Galton, used to walk about the Zoo with whistles of varying pitch, some low, some medium, some so piercingly high that they could not be heard by a human ear, but only by the ear of certain animals in which hearing is very highly sensitised.

There is the idea in essence. Today we have what may be called a science of ultra-sounds, sounds which, because they are created by vibrations in the air at a rate in excess of 40,000 a second, are beyond the range of human hearing. In the Philosophical Magazine Professor R. W. Wood and Mr. A. T. Loomis have been telling the scientific world what has come of those ultra-sounds and how they can be produced.

Vibrating Crystals

A plate of quartz, for example, consisting of odd-shaped crystals can be made to vibrate by alternating currents of electricity, which, produced at the rate of 700,000 a second, can set up vibrations at the rate of 500,000 a second in the quartz plate. The plate is most effective in a fluid, to which it communicates its vibrations in the form of a beam, but the higher frequencies, though they do not spread the vibrations so far and are therefore more accurate as agents, are too rapidly absorbed, so 40,000 vibrations a second serve better.

At this rate they detected hidden German submarines for us during the war. Striking the metal hull, they came back in the form of an echo, and the time they took to reach certain places enabled the position of the submarine to be determined.

Fatal to the Fishes

Now, it was found that the ultra-sounds thus employed killed the fishes in the vicinity of the submarines, so they were tested in other directions. Glass threads of infinite thinness were used, and it seems that if the ends are held eruptions like blood-blisters are caused, lasting for weeks, and showing that the intense pounding of the vibrating threads has ruptured deep-seated blood vessels in the fingers.

There is the marvel, a soundless sound that can be harnessed and put to work, perhaps for surgical operations, perhaps for scientific and industrial ends undreamed of.

EVERY FOG HAS A ROSY LINING

A correspondent sends us this note of the impression which struck her in the recent fogs.

THERE is even in fogs an unusual beauty, and we were reminded of this in the fogs which have been in such a hurry to greet us this season.

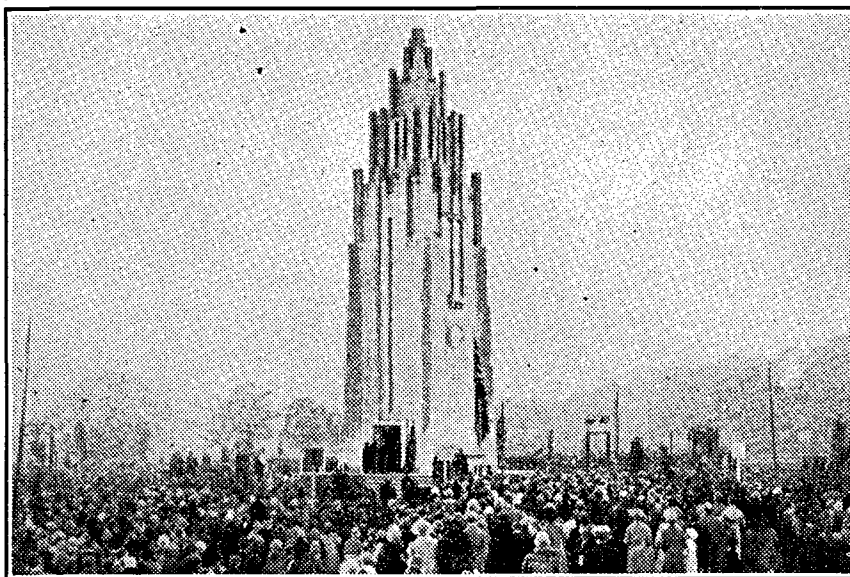
Many years ago Yoshio Markino, a Japanese artist in London, painted his impression of the streets shrouded in mist. It was to him an unusual and most wonderful spectacle. We have not the eyes of an artist, but we can see with our own poor sight one difference made by the fog.

Only an artist would walk with his eyes on the sky line watching the

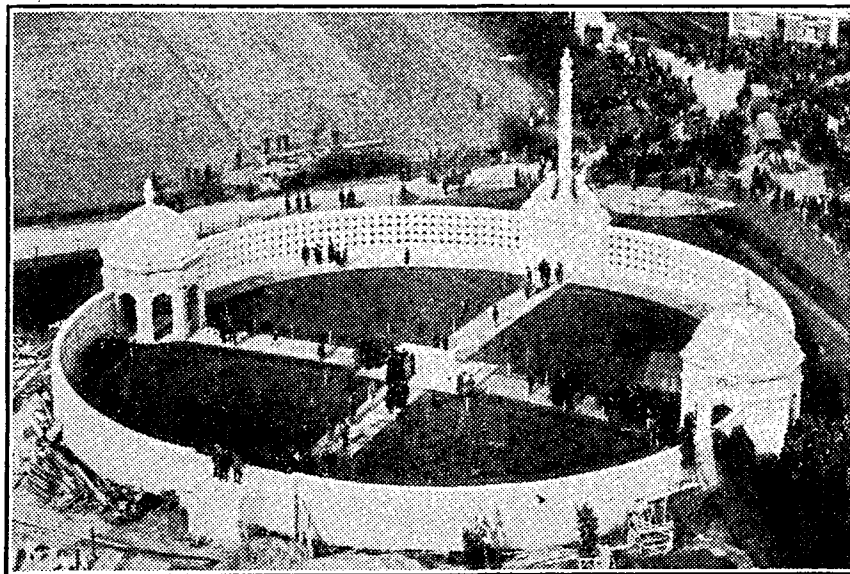
extraordinary effect of the blanketing mist. The rest of us are content to watch for the next man or woman coming and try not to run them off the kerb. It was while we were doing this that we made our discovery. The fog cast a dim, rosy light on the faces of the people we met in the street.

We saw people loom up out of the mist, and their faces seemed fresh and bonny in the thick air. The town pale-faces were suddenly transformed. The fog made country cousins of us all, and no one thought till they saw them in the fog how many russet-checked lassies lived in London town.

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST



The unveiling ceremony at Coventry's war memorial



An aerial view of the Indian memorial at Neuve Chapelle

Although the war ended nine years ago, monuments to the fallen are still being erected. These pictures show the imposing tower recently unveiled by Lord Haig at Coventry to men of the West, and the memorial to Indian troops from the East at Neuve Chapelle, which was dedicated by Lord Birkenhead, the Secretary of State for India

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The house in which Napoleon lived at Elba has collapsed.

The official notes of a Conference of the Blind in London were taken on a machine by a blind shorthand writer.

Funds Needed for Livingstone Memorial

Livingstone's birthplace at Blantyre has been bought as a memorial, though £5000 is still wanted.

The Hunted Fox

A hunted fox taking refuge in a cottage near Market Drayton was protected by an old man in the house, but was afterwards killed by the North Staffordshire hounds.

The Wonderful Clock

The Polytechnic Institute of Zurich has a clock which does not need winding. Its power is provided by a mechanism set in motion by every change of two degrees in temperature.

Ten million herrings were landed at Yarmouth the other day in 350 boats.

A Danish wireless operator has arrived in London after cycling 27,000 miles round the world.

Noise at Brighton

It is said that many people are being kept away from Brighton by the noise and smoke.

Health Propaganda by Balloon

Toy balloons with health mottoes printed on them were distributed to children in Leicestershire parishes during Health Week.

Where He Found It

The other day our rector wanted to find something out. He is a scholar with many books, but they all failed him. Then he went to the nursery and found it in a volume of the Children's Encyclopedia.

A Country Correspondent

CASTAWAYS IN A CANOE

THE TALE OF A TERRIBLE VOYAGE

Trippers Caught in an Indian Monsoon

FIVE DAYS WITHOUT WATER

Off the East Coast of Africa the fierce sun beat down on a canoe which was drifting northward at a mile an hour in the Indian Ocean.

A current was bearing it parallel to the coast, though the people in it could not know that. Even if it had been nearer they would hardly have seen it, for they were nearly unconscious. Two of them lay gasping, barely alive, in the bottom of the canoe. They were young girls. The third, a man, looked about him pitifully from time to time.

The canoe drifted on. The burning sun almost melted the seams out of it. To those in it it must have seemed that their brains were frizzling. They had not had a drop of water for five days. They had been drifting for seven.

Saved at the Last Moment

On the eighth day the man saw a shadow on the pitiless blue ocean. He looked again. It was land, and the canoe was drifting toward it. It drifted nearer and nearer, and at last the ocean rollers flung the canoe and its still living cargo on the shore. Hope gave the shipwrecked three strength to struggle up the beach. They staggered to a swamp in search of water, and fell face downward in it to drink. When they had recovered a little they went to the beach to find their boat. But the ocean which had carried them almost to destruction and had relented at the last moment had dashed their frail barque to pieces.

The story is almost at an end. An East African villager of Kipini found these bits of human wreckage, fed them, and led them to his village in Kenya, where they told the tale of their voyage and how it began. The man was Aluwi Bin Juma, of Pemba Island, 200 miles away, and Aluwi had been mending his nets at evening when his two nieces asked him to take them across the creek.

Swept Out to Sea

Kind Aluwi agreed, and never was an act of kindness more unfortunate. Half way across the creek, here a mile and a half wide, a breeze sprang up. The tide was running out fast, and Aluwi and the two girls were swept out to sea.

The wind rose to one of the sudden gales of the Indian Ocean. The southwest monsoon broke over the trippers, and it all but overturned the canoe. Tropical rain flooded it, and all the black night the three were baling. When the rain stopped and dawn came, there was nothing but the calming sea in sight.

For a day it did not matter. The voyagers wrung the rainwater out of their clothes for drink, and to eat they had a few husks of rice. They slept well. But next morning their only horizon was still the sea, the water to drink was all but finished. The man divided it, and they washed down the last of the rice. Then their ordeal began, and now that it is over the girls may be making light of it as a great adventure.

SCIENCE CONQUERS AN INSECT

Saving the Sugar-Cane

A notable victory has been won by science over the insects which have had such damaging influence on the sugar-cane industry in Louisiana.

A new variety of sugar-cane was produced in the greenhouses of the Department of Agriculture, and 300 square miles of land were planted with it. So resistant has this scientific sugar-cane proved that the restoration of the industry is practically assured.

CITY BEAUTIFUL NOTTINGHAM ADORNING HERSELF

Fine New Centres of Education
and Civic Life

SIR JESSE BOOT'S GREAT GIFT

By an Old Nottingham Boy

All the friends of Nottingham are delighted to see the changes that are coming over that famous town.

Within a tram ride of the very heart of the city is rising the beautiful and impressive home of what we feel sure will become a great university. It stands in the centre of spacious grounds surrounded by a boulevard, and its white tower can be seen for miles.

The university is the gift of Sir Jesse Boot, a citizen of Nottingham, whose name has gone to the limits of the world. Sir Jesse has called to his aid one of our original and distinguished architects, Mr. Morley Horder, who has designed a monument of learning of which any city would be proud.

The Tower from the Hills

Nottingham University will be a worthy addition to architectural England, and it must give a thrill of delight to Sir Jesse Boot, as he lies thinking of the wonderful times he has seen, to think that in a hundred years travellers will pass by this place and look at it with gratitude and admiration.

In the centre of the town itself another change is taking place. The shabby Exchange Hall has disappeared, and an impressive City Hall is rising. Like the white tower of the university, its dome is visible from the hills around.

There has been much feeling among Nottingham people because the old market is to disappear. The new City Hall looks down on the biggest market-place in England, and here for nearly a thousand years the old Goose Fair has come and gone in the first weeks of October. Those who do not like to break with old traditions cling to the Fair, but the fact is that for a generation many of the best people in Nottingham have felt that Goose Fair was an unworthy survival, a tawdry show.

A Queen's Jewel of Beauty

Nor can this market-place be considered a thing of beauty on market days; it has been a shabby spectacle with its unimposing stalls in the very heart of the town. Those who have conceived the new City Hall have naturally turned their eyes to the market-place, and there has come to them a great and beautiful idea. They propose to set up a covered market-place near by, and to make room for the Goose Fair elsewhere so long as people like to patronise such things; and they will lay out this spacious centre of the town, we hope, with green walks and sculptured ways, turning the old market-place, with its great tradition and its shabby little stalls, into a jewel of beauty such as the Queen of the Midlands may well wear at her heart.

We could have wished it had been possible to open up from the market-place a view of Nottingham's splendid Castle Rock. It lies a few minutes' walk away, up Friar Lane, now being widened. In this lane are two old houses that have come into history.

Two Historic Houses

One is the little place where William Carey, the Baptist cobbler, preached the sermon which started the Foreign Mission movement in this country; the other is the old house to which Dorothy Vernon eloped from Haddon Hall. It may be that these old houses are in peril, but we hope they will remain. No town is so rich in the visible monuments of history that it can throw such examples away.

Perhaps a word should be said of the fine new Trent Bridge that has lately been completed, and the develop-

A FARMER SPENDS A SHILLING

What He Bought With It
OLD LAWRENCE WASHINGTON
OF SULGRAVE

A farmer recently picked up a bargain at a sale when he bought a box of old papers for a shilling.

He is Mr. John Bennett, of Adderbury, near Banbury, and his treasure is a deed relating to the sale of some land at Sulgrave in 1597. It is signed Lawrence Washington.

Americans naturally love to collect things relating to the family of their first President. Sulgrave Manor, the home of Washington, has a collection of such documents, but the oldest of them is two years younger than the one Mr. Bennett has bought.

Lawrence Washington was the first of his name to come to Sulgrave, and he bought the manor from Henry the Eighth in 1539 for £231 14s. 10d.

A Land of Fable

Our royal Bluebeard had stolen it from the monastery of St. Andrews in Northampton. We may be sure old Lawrence highly approved of kings and their ways, and that he would have been horrified if he could have foreseen that a descendant of his would lead a rebellion against an English king.

In his day America was a fabulous land, where unicorns and phoenixes and men with no heads were supposed to live. Old Lawrence, busy with the management of his fields, did not guess that one of his kinsmen would weld that strange land into a mighty commonwealth and pass into history as the first President of the United States. Nor could he dream that Sulgrave Manor would be preserved as George Washington's memorial, with ambassadors as trustees for the estate, and that Lawrence's own signature would be a valuable thing centuries after he had passed beyond this world.

20 CENTURIES OF TOY SHIPS

Peter Pan Would Have
Loved Them

Ship lovers of all ages will delight in the exhibition of model ships now open at the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall.

The first of the series is a little war canoe such as the Early Britons made by hollowing out a tree trunk. Then comes a long, narrow Norman boat, with a square sail and 32 oars, and shields along the sides to protect the oarsmen. Gradually the ships change, becoming wider and carrying more sail. In Henry the Third's time forecastles and aftercastles appear, simply platforms for fighting from. In 1514 the forecastles and aftercastles are fitted with guns, like a fortress. At one period the ships look clumsy; then they begin to change again as the designers seek to give them more speed and make them easier to handle. After the ships of Drake's day and Nelson's time we come at last to the first funnel and the first ironclad. The last ship shown is the Hood, a modern battle-cruiser, with a certain stern beauty in its plain lines.

Peter Pan would have loved this exhibition could he have seen it.

Continued from the previous column

ment of Wollaton Park, which has been bought by the Corporation and is being laid out as a residential quarter. It has one of the noblest avenues for miles around, and it is near the university. It seems to an old friend of Nottingham that all these developments are full of promise and on the right lines, and after years of what approaches neglect the city is putting on something of its ancient beauty once again.

JEREMIAH PRATT HAS A STROKE OF LUCK What He Caught On His Hook

A sailor has just had a great stroke of luck. A few days ago he was Jeremiah Pratt, deck hand of the schooner Mary Ann, and now he is Mr. Pratt, with a bank balance of more than £2000.

He was on watch when the Mary Ann was about 15 miles off Cape May, New Jersey, and he saw a cluster of gulls fighting over something in the water.

As the schooner caught them up he leaned over the side and fished up the gulls' prize with a boathook. He did it out of curiosity, but when the thing was on deck he realised that he had made his fortune, for the catch was a lump of ambergris weighing more than 28 pounds.

Ambergris is generally believed to be a sort of diseased growth, or the product of disease, in the intestines of the sperm whale. When heated it gives out a delicious fragrance, and it is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Pratt has already been offered £2500 for his treasure. He intends to give up the hard life of a sailor and buy a farm.

THE IDEA AGE

One or Two Little Inventions

We have been reading of new inventions, and here is a list of some of them. But we do not know where they can be bought!

There is a new folding bracket automobile ready for use in any motor. On it you can write letters, and at Houston, a happy and enlightened spot in Texas, they have started a post office for motorists placed close to the kerb, so that it can be easily reached by leaning out of the car.

You can get hot irons for curling your hair in the slot machines in Germany! You can buy a cake of soap in the middle of which, all ready, is a nail brush! You can pluck a chicken clean of feathers in one minute with a new electric machine! There is a paper which defies all the boring of insects!

At the end of the list we find a thing we had been thinking out ourselves; it is a shopping-bag on rollers. You hold it full of your parcels with one hand near enough to the ground for the rollers to work. So the bag rolls along. Such a help it would be if, for instance, Mother was walking with Baby! This device, perhaps, may yet be put on to a suitcase which has to be carried a good way from the station. We take off our hat to the student at a Detroit High School who has brought the shopping-bag into actual fact; and we wish we could see one. Now, Mr. Selfridge!

BRISTOL'S MILK MAN

An Unrecognised Reformer

Bristol's magistrates had no sympathy with Robert Ernest Coombes who lapped up milk like any cat, and they have sent him where the milk supply is strictly regulated, in order, as they said, to keep him out of mischief.

A love of milk seems harmless enough, especially in these days when we are so often told to drink more of it; but Robert Ernest has not learned in over fifty years to pay for the milk he drinks. He prefers the milk which waits for people on their doorsteps.

Nothing would keep him from it. The police have spoken to him about it; so have several magistrates; and so we suspect has more than one prison chaplain. But as soon as Robert Ernest comes out he seeks again the bottle on the doorstep. In despair the Bristol milk dealers have offered to allow him to drink all the milk he wants free if only he will refrain from the doorstep habit; but it is of no avail.

Perhaps he is a reformer who has lived some years too soon. After all, why should milk bottles be left on doorsteps any more than the postman's letters?

A NEW JOB AT 120 THE SHIP WHICH FOUGHT ON BOTH SIDES

Vessel's Long Journey From
Trafalgar Bay to Falmouth

GUEST-HOUSE FOR BOYS

An interesting tale about an old two-decker ship has just been told by Miss Winifred Hall.

The ship was called the Duguay Trouin, and at the Battle of Trafalgar she exchanged shots with the Victory. She was not among the French ships taken in that famous battle, but a fortnight later she met her fate. With three other French line-of-battle ships she fell in with four British ships, and a terrific battle began.

Her captain was killed and the four officers who took his place one after the other were slain, while a hundred and fifty men were killed or wounded. At last she was captured, with her Tricolour still flying. She had made a gallant stand, and was the last of the French squadron to yield.

Flying the White Ensign

On November 9, 1805, about three weeks after the Battle of Trafalgar, she was brought to Plymouth with other prizes. There she was rechristened the Implacable, and soon she was at sea again, this time flying the White Ensign and carrying a British crew. In 1808 she was fighting at the side of her former enemy the Victory against combined Russian, Danish, and French squadrons, and covering herself with glory.

In 1842 she came home to England for good, and for many years she was used as a training-ship, but in 1908 she was discarded as being too old-fashioned for the purpose, and was put up for sale.

The gallant two-decker would have been broken up but for Mr. Wheatley Cobb, who approached the King and got her withdrawn from the list. For many years she has been living the life of an old age pensioner, but now she is going to work again!

A Wonderful Transformation

The ship, which is more than 120 years old, is being extensively repaired, and then she is going to be used as a holiday home for boys.

About 250 boys will be taken aboard at a time, and will spend a wonderful summer holiday on the old line-of-battle ship in Falmouth Harbour. There will be baths, a gymnasium, a place for concerts, and all the upper deck for games. There will be plenty of room.

We cannot imagine a jollier holiday for boys, especially for those who live in cities, and it is good to think that generous people have made it possible for the old warship to be transformed into a guest-house.

BABY'S BOOK FOR MOTHER

THE LITTLE ONE'S LOG: BABY'S RECORD.
By Eva Erleigh (Partridge. 7s. 6d.).

We are quite sure every mother with a baby will want this book. We do not think we have seen a very practical idea more artistically carried out. It is a book for the mother to fill up for herself, with everything made easy for her; a book that grows as the baby grows, recording all the vital facts concerning an unfolding life.

Such a book in every home, regularly kept, would be of interest and advantage to all concerned. It could not fail to be good for baby growing up, and as the first book in its library when it comes to read for itself nothing could be better.

The pictures, by Ernest H. Shepard, are admirable, among this excellent artist's best, and they are worthily reproduced. We wish this fine orange-covered volume a long and happy life.

THE MISSISSIPPI GIVING IT ANOTHER CHANCE

The Broken Embankments Still Broken

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT SPRING?

Who that was thrilled by the story of the havoc wrought by the great Mississippi floods last spring has not pictured the rush to mend the breaches in the river embankments as soon as the waters had subsided?

Will it be believed that, though half the year to another spring has passed, not one of the 225 crevasses made by the floods has been closed?

Engineers have been working on some breaks in the main levees, but lack of funds will stop them. There is a fund called the Rivers and Harbours Appropriation, but a high official has decided that the money cannot be used for this purpose.

Hard Fate of Flood Victim

According to the law the people living in areas protected by the levees must pay a third of the cost of making and keeping them, but the victims of the floods have no money to pay with. Though the farmers in half the areas that were flooded are expected just to make ends meet, those in the other half are in great straits. The Red Cross Society alone is feeding and clothing 60,000, and will have to go on doing so till after next year's harvest.

Congress does not sit in the autumn. If in its brief winter session it does not take very exceptional steps indeed the crevasses must remain open for next year's rise of waters from melting snows and spring rains.

Who would have believed that the great and rich American people would quietly leave things like this after such an overwhelming disaster? As somebody said somewhere long ago, What fools these mortals be!

TOFFEE ON TRIAL Sad News From Salford

Toffee—just toffee! It is one of the first things that every boy and girl takes on trust, and the affection thus begun is never lessened by any feelings of doubt. The love of toffee lasts a lifetime.

It is rather sad to learn from the City Analyst of Salford, therefore, that the confidence felt in toffee is misplaced. Toffee as Mother makes it may be butter and sugar, but manufacturers have different views.

They may say that their toffee is made of full cream milk, farm butter, pure cane sugar, and fresh eggs; but the City Analyst declares that this is often a mere flight of fancy. It is an ideal. The reality is glucose syrup and any fats that are cheap and handy. It is annoying to feel that even toffee may be a sham.

THE OLD HOUSE IN A NEW PLACE Bringing It Nearer Town

Many people would like to live in an old fourteenth-century house if they could have it in a convenient place.

The owner of such a house in the old-world village of Bildeston, ten miles from Ipswich, found that people liked his house but would not live at Bildeston. So he has moved it to Chigwell, in Essex, whence its occupants may travel daily to London on business or pleasure.

Brick by brick and beam by beam the house was pulled down, transported in a hundred lorry loads, and built up again. Now it stands exactly as it stood before, and even has its original bulges. It is fitted with electric light, and instead of facing a village street it is surrounded by seven acres of grounds.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART A Sculptor of Italy

Canova was born on November 1, 1757.

About a hundred years ago Antonio Canova was a great name in the art circles of Europe. His sculpture was looked on as an expression of great and classical genius. Now, at the distance of a century, we are better able to judge, and we know that Canova enjoyed a reputation he did not quite deserve. His work was a cold and elegant imitation of great art.

Canova was certainly the first great sculptor in Italy since the days of Michael Angelo, and it is no wonder that he was hailed as Master. Art in that country had sunk into mere mannerisms; all the great fire seemed long ago burned out. During Canova's life a revival in taste for classical art was passing over Europe and found its chief expression in Italy. Canova was imitated, admired, his work sought after in many countries.

An Eager Pupil

He was born in 1757 in a small village on the edge of the Venetian Alps, and almost as soon as he could hold a pencil he began to learn to draw. Canova's father, who had died when he was three, was a monumental mason, following the trade which had been peculiar to his family for many generations.

The grandfather looked to Antonio to carry on the family traditions, and the boy was an eager pupil. By the time he was ten he was working in his grandfather's shop, and thus he fell under the notice of a Venetian gentleman, a patron, who persuaded the old man to let the boy study with a sculptor. Antonio had in all three years' art training. The last he spent in Venice.

His First Studio

When he was about fifteen he began work on his own account, and for fifty years scarcely stopped. His first studio was a spare cell in a monastery, and there he worked for about four years, fulfilling small commissions, studying anatomy and the classics, and already critical enough to see how poor was the art of Italy in the generation that was dying. When he was twenty-three he went to Rome.

He was already so well thought of in Venice that the Senate had granted him a three years' pension of £60. The young sculptor went on studying and working. Presently he had a commission to make a monument for the Pope, and this work, which took him four years, made him famous. Another five years were spent on a huge memorial for another Pope. After this commissions for statuary groups came in from all parts of Europe.

A Giant For Work

Canova's work was always cold and elegant, and, with a few exceptions and some portrait groups, deals only with classical subjects. It is sometimes very striking and heroic, like the big Mars and Venus, the Hercules and Lichas; sometimes it is fanciful, like the many Psyche and Hebe and Dancing Nymphs which he loved to shape. Sometimes, again, it is sombre and splendid, like the monument to the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria.

Canova was a giant for work, and the list of his achievements is amazing. He became very wealthy, but the humble stonemason's son did not forget those who had been good to him in his fatherless boyhood. It is grand to know how kind and generous he was to other artists; to all, in fact, who stood in need. Anyone who was aged or ill or unhappy found a friend in Canova.

When he died on October 13, 1822, he left behind him, not only the memory of one who had laboured to lift Italian art out of the slough into which it had fallen, but that of a good, unselfish, and benevolent man.

THE DISAPPOINTING ABBEY An Australian Pilgrim's View

The Librarian of the Children's Branch of an Australian Library, who was visiting England in 1925, writing in strong approval of an article in the August number of My Magazine on the appalling muddle of statuary which spoils Westminster Abbey, says:

I wonder if you can imagine the disappointment which meets the overseas visitor to whom a visit to the Abbey means a pilgrimage to a shrine. I could have wept when I saw it, so great was my disappointment, and I paid many visits there before my eyes were able to pierce beyond the clutter of the statuary and see the beauty of the structure.

When will the Abbey authorities realise that this is the feeling of all people of taste who see our glorious temple desecrated by sculptured rubbish, perpetuating the paltry pride of people who were mostly of very little account even in their own day? Are we for ever to perpetuate the follies of other times?

THE OLD MAN'S WAY A Story From a Library

A Lancashire reader sends us one more pleasant story of how gratitude is often being expressed.

She noticed in a public library an old gentleman sketching a picture from a magazine. Seeing her observing it he asked her if she liked his drawing. When she said Yes he asked if she would like to buy it, and named quite a small sum. So she bought it.

Feeling interested in the incident, she asked the library assistant if she knew whether he made his living in this way, and the reply was: "No. He has an orphan granddaughter who went through a serious operation in the hospital, and as he is too poor to repay the hospital for the skill and care which saved the life of his granddaughter he makes a little money in this way, saves it till it is a pound, and then sends it to the hospital to show his gratitude."

The C.N. salutes that dear old gentleman sketching away in a library.

THE POOR WIDOWS OF INDIA A Terrible Custom

Mr. Gandhi has lifted up his voice against the cruel customs of India in regard to widows.

Girls are married in childhood, and if their husbands die they must live the rest of their lives in misery and disgrace, forbidden to remarry. There are said to be 25 millions of these widows. The terrible theory is that the poor creatures must have committed some crime in a previous existence which has brought the punishment of widowhood on them!

"Let us break with the system of widowhood in Hindustan and eradicate the evil of it," says Mr. Gandhi; "so long as a single widow is deprived of her rights it is not religion but sin."

TRAINS TO A NEW GOLDFIELD

We are accustomed to think of Western Australia as a vast territory peopled only along the coast and dependent on the sea for its communications. Yet it already has a population of close upon 400,000, rapidly increasing, and has well over 4000 miles of railways.

The goldfields have had much to do with railway extension, and now a new extension is being planned to Wiluna, in the extreme north of the East Murchison Goldfield, which is to cost half a million pounds. Great developments are expected in this area.

CASSIOPEIA'S CHAIR YELLOW, BLUE, AND PURPLE STARS

Double Suns Speeding Toward the Earth QUARTETTE IN THE MILKY WAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

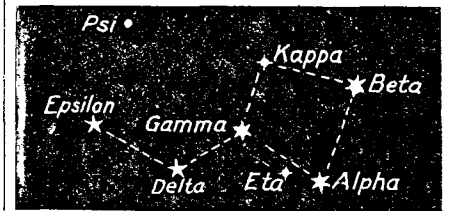
The striking constellation of Cassiopeia is now almost overhead in the evening, and so may be readily identified.

Its five brightest stars are arranged in the form of an obvious W, and with the addition of the fainter, fourth-magnitude Kappa resolve themselves into the shape of Cassiopeia's Chair.

Like the twin stars of the Plough, or Great Bear, this constellation is always visible at night, and is always on the opposite side of the Northern Heavens to the Plough, the Pole Star being located approximately midway between the Plough and Cassiopeia.

The stars of this Lady in the Chair, as Cassiopeia is represented, are of great interest owing to the number that are composed of two or more suns.

The little fourth-magnitude star Eta is seen in a telescope to be double; the brighter is a yellow sun, and its companion, of seven and a half magnitude,



The chief stars of Cassiopeia

is of a purple tint, and revolves round the larger sun once in 196 years.

They are among our Sun's near neighbours, being 1,080,000 times as far away, and their light taking but 17 years to reach us.

Alpha in Cassiopeia, also known as Schedar, is also seen in a telescope, to be composed of two suns, the brighter being yellow, with a ninth-magnitude companion of a blue tint.

The brilliant Schedar itself is nine million times as far away as our Sun, its light taking 142 years to reach us; so it must be a sun far greater than ours, as it radiates nearly 200 times as much light. Every minute it gets 380 miles nearer to us.

Gamma in Cassiopeia is a remarkable star, for while in a telescope it is seen to have a faint companion very close to it the spectroscope has shown that the larger star is itself composed of two suns, enveloped in incandescent helium, which rapidly revolve round one another.

These, too, are approaching us at about 140 miles a minute. At present they are 9,400,000 times as far away as our Sun, so even in a hundred years Gamma will appear very much as it looks now. Its light has taken 148 years to reach us.

A Remarkable Quartette

Beta in Cassiopeia is but 45 light-years distant, and is a sun very much like our own, but radiates rather more than twenty times as much light, so it must be a larger sun. It has a companion star, apparently very close, but probably only in the line of sight. Beta appears to be receding from us at 192 miles a minute. Delta in Cassiopeia is 112 light-years away, and is a sun probably four to five times the size of ours.

Very interesting is little Psi in Cassiopeia, for it is actually composed of two pairs of suns, and the suns of each pair, while apparently associated, are quite independent of the other pair, but form a remarkable quartette amid the myriads of suns in this rich region of the Milky Way. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south. In the morning Venus in the east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of what has happened before appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 10

The Writing on the Sand

HILARY made a great fuss about his foot. "I'm sure it is bleeding," he said as at last they got near the cave.

"I'll see to that. I've thought it out," said Teddy patiently, and, depositing his patient carefully on the sand inside, he went out to the beach again.

"Breakfast ready?" inquired Hilary in an excited tone.

Monica Mildred was hurrying round the cave, and there were a lot of things spread out on the sandy floor. There was the big bottle of milk they had opened the night before, with the enamel mugs, and several loaves of bread, and some jam was tumbled out on an enamel plate.

"I've been hurt," announced Hilary. "I slept in the hermit's room. He has a funny lot of furniture there and a queer clock—I meant to show you everything."

John glanced at Rafe. They had been so occupied with their invalid and the thorn that they had not had time to glance round the hermit's bedroom. But they were too hungry to think of going back just then, and while Monica Mildred exchanged hurried questions and answers with Hilary they sank down on the sand and began to eat.

"I couldn't think where you all were, but I had so much to see to that I didn't bother," said Monica Mildred importantly. "I never thought I should like having a house, but I do like this one. I call it Sea Lodge. When I'm grown up and marry I shall have a sand-coloured carpet to remind me of this. John, don't make such a face; what is it?"

"This milk's sour," said John, tipping his cupful on the sand.

"Horrible stuff!" said Rafe, with a reproachful look at Monica Mildred.

"There's fresh water outside; Hilary, I'll get you some," said John.

"My foot is bleeding," said Hilary, looking with interest at his bandage.

"Don't fuss. Corinne, what's the matter?"

"I don't like this breakfast," said little Corinne. "Me wants egg."

"Don't talk that baby language. You're five, aren't you?" said her sister. "You can't have an egg."

"Isn't there going to be anything but bread and jam for breakfast?" asked John in a tone of despair.

"There is some tinned fruit, also some Bovril, and some cake," said Monica.

"Horrible! Pass the jam, Rafe."

But Rafe was making faces too. "There's something the matter with the jam on this dish; it's got sand all through it. Give me one of the pots. I say, why have you opened them all?"

"I'm afraid Corinne did that," said Monica Mildred, and her usually rosy cheeks were bright crimson with feeling. "You see, when I was tidying up this morning I found she had been untying the jam covers, and she rolled the pots sideways."

"They had a race," put in Corinne. "Yes, and while they raced with their tops off the jam rolled out."

"What, all the strawberry jam, greengage jam, and raspberry jelly?" put in Teddy, entering the cave with some bits of seaweed in his hand and a cupful of water he had brought from the sea.

"And I put it back in the pots with a spoon, but it got a bit sandy, I'm afraid," finished the housekeeper.

"You are a silly little girl," said Rafe angrily to Corinne. "It's all we've got."

"Very silly indeed," said Teddy, who cared much more than Rafe. "Now, then, Hilary, I must do your foot again; it's got to be washed in salt water to stop the bleeding, and then I shall wrap it up in this seaweed. It ought really to have iodine on it, and seaweed is supposed to contain iodine, you know."

"I haven't had any breakfast yet, though I'm ill," said Hilary crossly. "Sour milk and stale bread and sandy jam—ugh! I'd like an egg too."

At this Alastair, who was standing at the door of the cave, straightened his stooping form and inquired: "A tern's egg?"

"Any old egg," said Hilary. "Don't know what a tern is."

"Right!" And he vanished. Only to come back and beckon to Rafe, who, uncomfortably hungry, was chewing plum cake ravenously. "Come here a moment," he whispered.

"What a bother you are," rose to Rafe's lips, but the Scout training was strong in him, and he managed a cheery smile and followed the lank, kilted fifteen-year-old out of the cave.

"Look at that!" On the smooth yellow sand about twenty yards from the cave somebody had written the words: "Make all preparations to stay here a while."

"Why did you write that?" said John, who, curious, had followed them out and was looking over Rafe's shoulder.

"I didn't," said Alastair, starting. "I've been with you all the while."

"Then who? How?" The boys were utterly perplexed. A message out of the blue! Not a creature was in sight.

"It's a spirit," moaned Alastair; "one of the spirits haunting this magic island. I read about them before I came North in a book my godfather—"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Rafe quickly. "But it's probably the hermit being funny. We'll have to go back to look for him in his cottage."

"But he's left the island. Mr. Brackley said so."

"But somebody must have written it, you idiot!"

"I vote we cover it up: it will frighten Monica Mildred."

"I wanted to go to the boat now, but perhaps we had better see the hermit first," said Rafe. "Wait a minute; we must think this out."

"You had better catch some fish for dinner," was Alastair's parting advice as he hurried off to the loch. "I'm going to try to get some sea-birds' eggs for breakfast for Corinne and Hilary."

"Why, there's a goat up there on the hill! She'll be useful. I felt that we were going to be forsaken all the while."

Alastair's Celtic blood made him feel things acutely. But he was rather comforted as he rushed away to think of Rafe's sturdy Saxon figure sitting, thinking hard, on the beach.

CHAPTER 11

The Hermit's Cottage

IN any strange situation in which a group of people find themselves one always comes to the front as leader, the one who is most resourceful; and after John, Alastair, and Rafe had seen the extraordinary writing on the beach it was Rafe who thought hardest.

Alastair was now busy pulling off his things by the loch and gazing across at the fairy island, where, on the rocky side, he had seen terns hovering. There was one there now; it was of the Arctic variety. "Sterna macrura," Alastair, who was proud of his Latin, murmured to himself. "Blood-red bill, black head, pearl-grey back."

Alastair took off his clothes and got into the bathing drawers he had stuffed into the pocket of his Burberry. Old Mr. Brackley had told him to bring a bathing dress for the picnic. Odd picnic to last so long! The mind of Alastair was fixed on getting terns' eggs, and he thought very little then about the message on the shore. He only pondered as to whether terns' eggs were good to eat when you had found them.

But Rafe, who was to turn out the leader, was still thinking hard. He wished, as he and John went along to the ruined cottage, with the Alsatian hurrying after, that he had asked Uncle Bluster more about the hermit as they sailed yesterday toward Lithranmore. He had asked him a few casual questions. All he remembered was that the hermit had lived for unknown years on the island. He had been shipped back to Glasgow to spend his last days with his relations some months before. His name was Colin MacRockal and he was rumoured to be Chief of the MacRockals of Rum. He was gentle, and kept bees, and read old books, and grew flowers. Nobody knew how old he was. He sang Scottish airs and played a harp to the sea-birds.

"I wish I had looked round when I found Hilary," Rafe thought. "But I was only thinking of how he was hurt and how to get the thorn out."

Suppose the old man had broken away from his people in Glasgow and had returned to his quiet haunt? What could be more natural? He could have coaxed some boatman to row him to his old home across the sea in Lithranmore. Mr. Brackley had told Rafe that the old man had refused to take much away with him, so he would be sure to have left behind many loved possessions, which he would be glad to see once more.

Yes, it was a very likely thing, Rafe decided. From what he, Rafe, had seen of the great and bustling city of Glasgow he did not think it would suit an old hermit.

And hermits were very interesting. But whatever did the old man mean by writing that mysterious message on the sand? Rafe pondered again over what had happened.

He wondered why Mr. Brackley had not come back to fetch them and take them home to Crow's Nest. But he was quite glad he hadn't—except for Ruffles, his cat. His heart missed a beat as he remembered that the tiger cub might eat Ruffles! A merry blast from his own whistle startled him at this point; he turned to find Monica Mildred coming up behind him.

"Cheerio!" she cried, tossing back her wild, short hair.

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"What about Corinne?" demanded Rafe.

"Teddy's looking after her and Hilary till the eggs come. I want to know who wrote that message on the sands."

"Oh, you saw it, did you?" "I was only just in time, for the tide is spreading up fast over it. If only it was true wouldn't it be great, Rafe, to stay on the island? Only I'd rather have been wrecked. Perhaps if we do stay we could all get into bathing dresses and be properly wrecked out of our boat! I learned swimming in the baths at Blackheath, you know. Wasn't it rather funny that Mr. Brackley made us all bring bathing dresses? He specially asked me to do so the day before we started. And I think I know why he doesn't fetch us, Rafe!"

Rafe forgot all about the feud between the Hewarts and the Longdales over the matter of the cave as Monica Mildred uttered these words impressively. He stopped under a little silver birch, and he and John listened eagerly as she said very slowly and softly:

"Mr. Brackley has gone mad. He's forgotten us. He told me when we were coming over that his brother Horace had told him he was mad to buy himself an island when he was sixty-five. That is what has happened! He left here to go over to that other island," pointing vaguely westward, where a far-away rock rose out of a golden-flecked sea. "He went there yesterday, suddenly got mad, and has forgotten to come back. And the hermit knows, somehow or other. Maybe he understands bird talk, and the sea-birds have told him the news that Mr. Brackley is lying mad on the rock over there."

"Bad luck on Uncle Bluster!" exclaimed John heartily.

But Monica Mildred cheered him by remarking: "He doesn't know he's mad; he's probably enjoying himself no end. Don't you think I'm right, Rafe?"

"Don't know. Let's get on and see if we can find the old Chief of the MacRockals."

"Who's he?" Monica asked, skipping beside Rafe, while John, munching grass, strode behind.

"The hermit who wrote to us on the sands. He is a very grand person."

"Then we ought to have washed our faces first before calling on a Highland chieftain," said Monica Mildred. "You know we haven't washed yet. If only we can stay (and she gave a jump of joy) we'll have a bathroom among the rocks, and perhaps the hermit may find us some toothbrushes! Is this his cottage?"

They had reached the deserted spot, and passed through a rude door which shut out the rain. Into the one room they walked, and stared about. The iron bedstead on which Hilary had lain, with bedclothes thrown carelessly back, a low, smoke-grimed roof, a broad brick fireplace with one or two peats left in it, a big chain hanging down on which was hung an iron pot—all this they saw.

A rough bookcase was nailed to the wall; in it was a Bible, lying on its side, beside a very ancient-looking book bound in dark brown vellum.

On the table was a candlestick, and in a corner by the fire a strange object. It was an enormous hourglass, and it reached to Monica Mildred's waist. There was a faded photograph on one wall, and in printed letters on a piece of pasteboard standing on the mantelpiece, which also contained two large black and white china dogs, were the words:

I'll offer you my little store, Although I think you'll pine for more. Do not despise it utterly, But see, if you have eyes to see.

"That means just nothing at all," pronounced Monica Mildred decisively after they had all read it.

"He was dotty," said John.

But Rafe wondered. Raising his voice, he shouted:

"Hullo, hullo, is anybody about?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The True Founder of Surgery

NO greater blessing has come to mankind, in so far as their bodies are concerned, than the knowledge of how the principle of life works in our bodies and tends to cure wounds and disease, and how the physician and surgeon can best cooperate with healing Nature.

Two hundred years ago doctors understood little of what goes on in our bodies in health and in disease, and many of their methods of treatment were wrong, unhelpful, and often dangerous. Great progress has been made in knowledge and treatment, but the highest honour for discovery should go to the man who first put the surgeon and physician on the firm path of progress.

That was done by a Scottish doctor born about 200 years ago, who lived, practised, taught, and experimented in London. His brother had settled in London as a doctor, and to him his young brother went. Soon he showed great skill, and together they made important discoveries. When the younger brother had qualified as a surgeon he joined the army, went to the wars, and had valuable experience in treating wounds.

He saw that there were natural ways of healing in vegetable life, in animal life, and in human bodies, and his aim was to work in the same ways that Nature works and to give her assistance. So he spread his observation over many forms of life, and collected a great museum of living things that he could watch and of specimens after death.

When he died his museum contained 14,000 specimens. It was bought by the country, named by his name, given to the Royal College of Surgeons, and, greatly augmented, it is to this day studied at the College in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

This great experimenter became rich through the fees he received as a surgeon and as a teacher of surgery, but he spent all his money on the means of further study, and when he died he was quite poor, so that his collection had to be sold to provide for his wife and children.

As a lecturer, though he was an awkward speaker, he attracted students who became great doctors, such as Jenner, Abernethy, and Sir Astley Cooper. He extended knowledge of the processes going on in our bodies in innumerable ways, and made surgery really scientific, though, of course, he was occasionally



wrong. His industry was enormous. No man has ever devoted his life more unselfishly and successfully to the service of humanity through the art of healing. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



The Brightness of an Autumn Day is Lovely Yet



THE BRAN TUB

A Built-Up Word

JUST two-thirds of ten and one-third of eleven,
My first and my second contain;
For my third you must take four parts of the seven
Composing a grammar. Then plain
To your view you will find that my whole is displayed,
Denoting a message that is quickly conveyed.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Screamer

The Screamer is a South American bird believed to be closely related to ducks and geese. It is about the size of a swan, and its wings are long and powerful. The Horned Screamer of Guiana and Amazonia is characterised by a kind of small horn, about five inches long, which protrudes from the middle of the head. On the front of each wing is a pair of strong spurs.

Is Your Name Halliwell?

HALLIWELL is made up of the two words hall, meaning holy, and well, and the ancestor of the Halliwells was a man who lived near a well reputed to be holy. He would be described as John or Henry of the Holy well and then John Holywell, the name in course of time changing its spelling to Halliwell.

Ici On Parle Français



La gazelle La fourrure Le jardin

La gazelle est un animal très gracieux
La fourrure tient chaud en hiver
Rien de plus agréable qu'un jardin

How the Leclanché Cell Got Its Name
THE familiar cell used in batteries for electric bells was named after Georges Leclanché, a French scientist, who invented it in 1868. It usually consists of a square glass vessel containing sal-ammoniac solution. In one corner is a zinc rod, and in the centre is a porous pot containing a carbon plate packed round with small pieces of carbon and black oxide of manganese.

Changeling

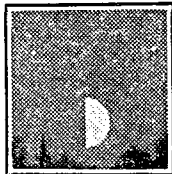
C	H	O	P
M	E	A	T

Change the word Chop into Meat with only six intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE wild ducks are beginning to arrive for the winter. The skylark now stops singing. The mistle thrush has begun to sing again. The leaves of the white-thorn and plane tree are falling. Among trees now stripped of their leaves are the horse-chestnut, sycamore, ash, and maple.



Looking South 6.0 p.m., Nov. 2

A Riddle in Rhyme

THOUGH unknown to all senses except to the sight,
Yet existence I claim by excluding the light.

Answer next week

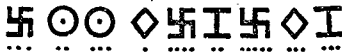
Secret Writing

If you wish to send a secret message to a friend you can do so by means of the cipher shown here. All you have to do is to make the sign of

ABCDEF	GHIJK	LMNOP
--------	-------	-------

I	X
QRSTU	VWXYZ

the compartment in which is the letter you wish to write, and place under it dots according to the number of the letter in the compartment. Thus to write C you would make the swastika and place three dots under

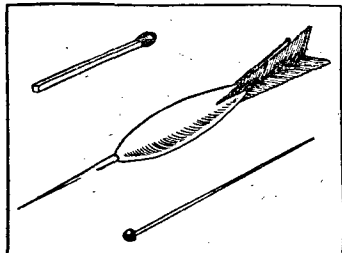


it, and to write M you would make the diamond sign and place two dots under it.

If you wish to write Children's Newspaper you would do it as shown beneath the cipher.

Of course, the friend to whom you send the message must have a copy of the cipher.

A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown here take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters will spell the name of a swift-flying bird.

Answer next week

Proverbs About Conscience

A GOOD conscience is a soft pillow.
A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

Conscience cannot be compelled.
A good conscience is a continual feast.

He that has no conscience has nothing.
A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

Do You Know Me?

MY first is in surface but not in ground,
My second's in jumping and also in bound,

My third is in mantle but not in cloak,
My fourth is in coal-mine and also in coke,

My fifth is in grammar but not in noun,
My sixth is in lower and also in down,

My seventh's in cobweb but not in snare,
My eighth is in carriage and also in pair,

My ninth is in willow but not in pine,
My tenth is in glitter and also in shine,

My whole is a name that is rarely heard,
For a common thing—I'm too long a word.

Answer next week

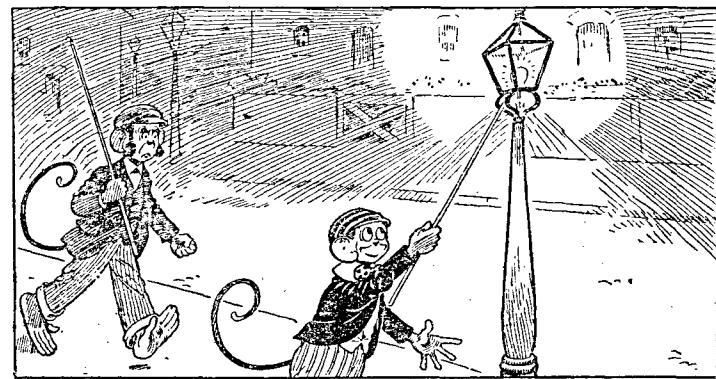
Jacko Lights the Lamps

JACKO never could understand why some people made such a fuss about the summer coming to an end. The autumn was good enough for him, what with all the blackberries waiting to be eaten and the chestnuts lying in the roads waiting to be picked up. And, as he said, football was every bit as good as cricket.

The cold nip in the air certainly made him feel very energetic. Unfortunately when Jacko felt energetic there was bound to be trouble!

But the trouble often came when least expected, and when one morning Jacko was as quiet as a mouse nobody had any idea that he was up to mischief.

Mrs. Jacko would have been horrified if she had known that he had taken the handle out of one of her new brooms and cut a notch in the end of it with his penknife. Then he had stuck



"Oh, that's the game, is it?" he said

a candle into the notch and tied it round very firmly with string. It was really an excellent imitation of the long pole which the lamplighter carried on his rounds.

Jacko gazed admiringly at his work.

"There's going to be some fun this evening when I go on my rounds," he said with a grin. "I shouldn't be surprised if that lamplighter doesn't have a bit of a shock!"

The lamplighter certainly did have a shock when he came to the first lamp on his beat and found it already alight.

"Well, I never!" he declared. "I must have missed that one when I turned out the others early this morning." And he hurried along to the next lamp, hoping that nobody had noticed his carelessness.

But the next lamp was blazing away too! The poor fellow's hair fairly stood on end.

"I shall lose my job if the Corporation finds out," he wailed. "The Mayor is always going on about Waste; I don't know what he'll say when he finds that two of the lamps have been burning all day."

But a great many more than two lamps had apparently been alight all day, for when the lamplighter turned the corner he saw, to his amazement, that the lamps were alight the whole length of the street. He threw up his hands in horror and hurried into the next street.

Fortunately the lamps were not alight there, and the poor man gave a sigh of relief and was thankful that things were no worse. But, just as he was nearly up to the first lamp, somebody darted from the other side, stuck a long pole into the lamp, and set it going.

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" said the lamplighter with an angry roar. "I'll soon put a stop to that!"

He did. Jacko saw him just a minute too late, and before he could get away the man had seized Mrs. Jacko's broomstick and used it to give the young rascal a good hiding.

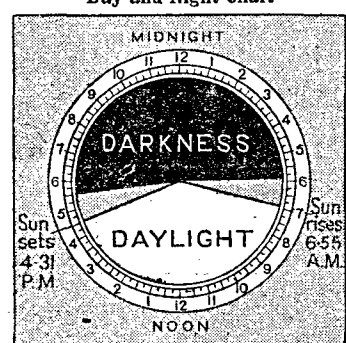
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	5592	5828
Glasgow	1707	1709
Dublin	845	798
Sheffield	659	657
Gateshead	186	209
Coventry	172	153
Rhondda	168	231
Stockport	140	162
Newport	137	151
Reading	114	115
Rochdale	87	91
Swindon	57	71

The four weeks are up to Sept. 24, 1927

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

Inadequate

MOTORIST (reaching the hilltop with his radiator boiling over): Hi! Where can I get some water? Ancient Wayfarer (graciously holding out his can): There's no water hereabouts, but ye can have a sup of my tea!

Poor Dog!

IT was a bitter winter's night. Brown had been to supper with the Smiths, who lived in a distant suburb a mile and a half from the nearest railway station.

Smith, opening the door for Brown's departure: What a night! Not fit to turn a dog out! Well, good-night, old man. Hope you find your way to the station all right.

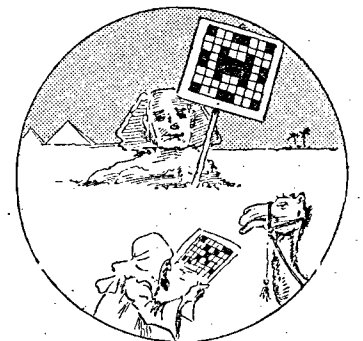
From Bad to Worse

THE Shy Man (plucking up courage to speak to his neighbour at dinner): Do you know who that remarkably ugly man is at the far end of the table on the other side?

His Neighbour (freezing): That, sir, is my brother!

The Shy Man (aghast): Oh dear, how stupid of me! I ought to have seen the family likeness. I mean— (collapses and is silent for the rest of the dinner).

New Riddle of the Sphinx



OUR Irresponsible Artist sends us a sketch of what he supposes the desert must be like in these days of cross word puzzles.

To The Grumbler

"I DON'T deserve, (the grumblers say), To be so luckless, poor, and ill." Says Peter Puck, "Continue, pray! The list has other items still. You don't deserve the morning sun, You don't deserve the summer sea, You don't deserve the frosty fun When leaves are whirling from the tree. If Heaven gave us just our rights The world would ever mourn that hour, For none deserve the starry nights, And few deserve a primrose flower."

Not Such a Fool!

INDIGNANT Passenger in the train (shouting to Highland porter as the train moves off): Hi, porter, you fool! Why isn't my luggage in the train?

Porter (with suitcase in his hand): Wha's the fule? Yer luggage isna sae daft as yersel. Ye're in th' wrang train!

A Transposition

TAKE one end of a liquid, and place it at t'other, When 'twill instantly show what you are to your mother. Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Word Square	B E N D	E R I E	N I B S	D E S K
Across	ROGUE	METER	DEEP	ESK
Down	ROGUE	DEEP	ESK	ESK

A Charade. Kind-red.

A Constellation in Hiding. Andromeda.

A Beheaded Word. Tr-out.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

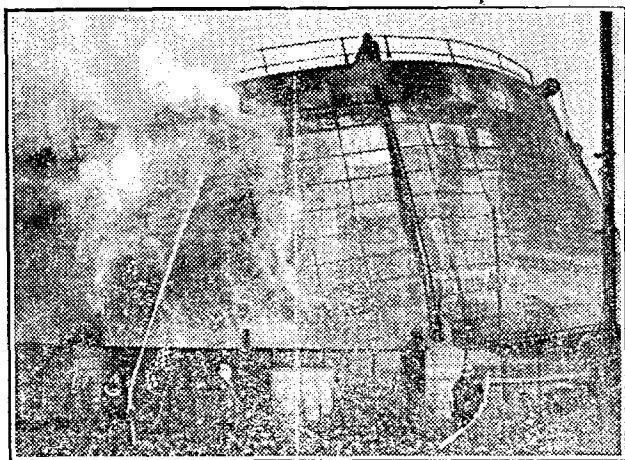
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 29, 1927

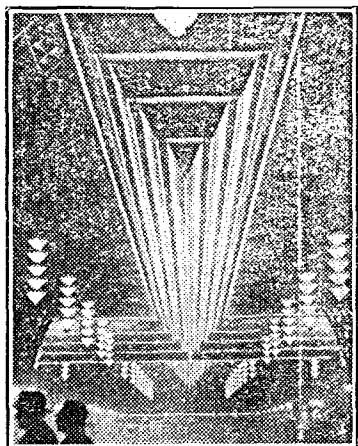
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WRECKED GASHOLDER · RED MAN'S BAND · ENGLAND'S HOCKEY VICTORY



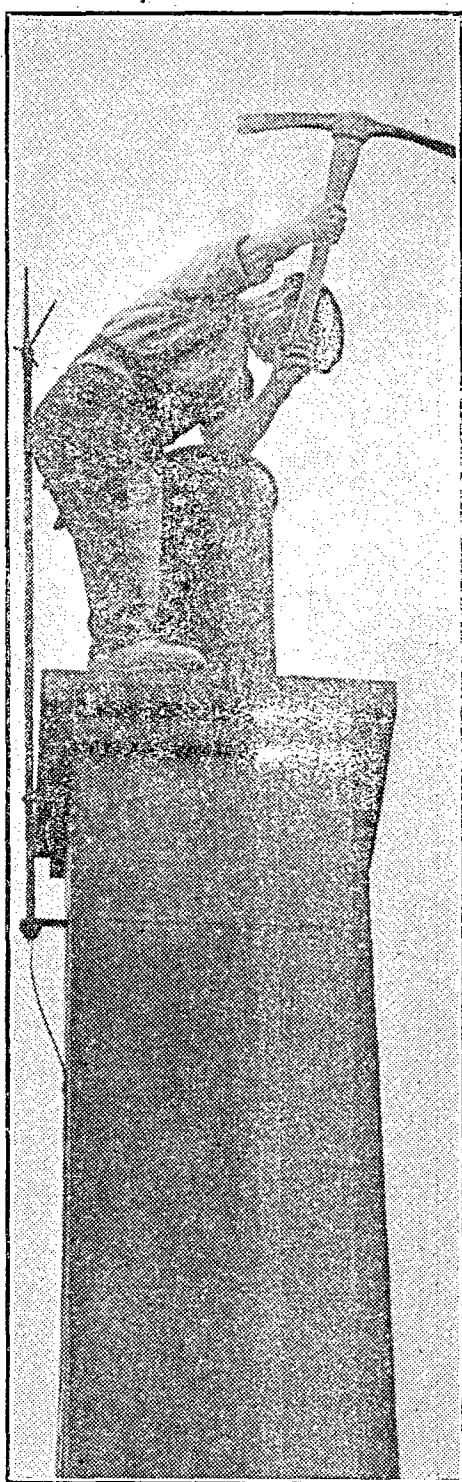
Gasholder Blows Up—A house and a motor-car were wrecked when a gasholder exploded at Truro, Cornwall. This picture of firemen at work shows how the great iron structure collapsed



The Paris Motor Show—Much attention was attracted by this remarkable lighting scheme in the great building where the Paris Motor Show was held



Princess Mary's son, the Hon. George Lascelles, from the miniature by Miss May B. Lee



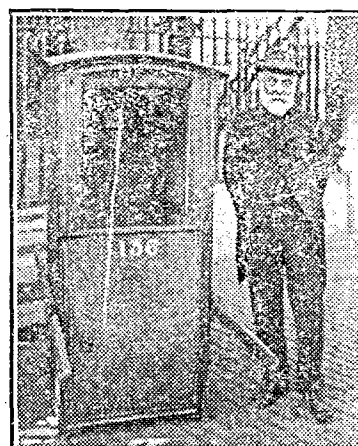
The First Blow—Grosvenor House, one of London's great mansions, is being pulled down. Here we see the first chimney being demolished



The Pets Go Shopping—This happy picture was taken at Melton Mowbray, and shows a Shetland pony, a baby donkey, and an Alsatian wolfhound out shopping with their master and mistress



Miss May Lee's clever miniature of Princess Mary's younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles



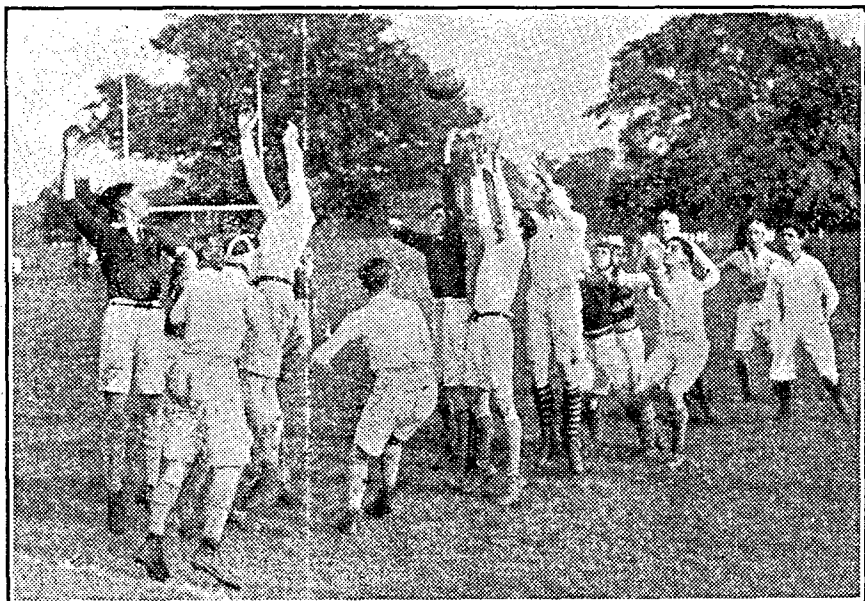
A Sedan Chairman—Mr. Frederick Jackson, who is 82, was a Sedan chairman in Peterborough, where the chairs were used as recently as 1860



Dinner-Time for the Ducks—In this picture from a poultry farm at Welwyn we see how one of the girl workers is welcomed by the ducks when she makes her round of the farm at dinner-time



A Red Indian Band—This picture shows a band of Red Indians at a demonstration held in honour of President Coolidge at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, where there is a big Indian reservation



Harrow Adopts Rugger—Harrow School has given up its own football game in favour of Rugby, and here we see some of the boys jumping for the ball during a practice game



German Hockey Girls in England—A team of German girls has made a hockey tour in England. This picture shows them playing their match with Cambridge, which they lost

THE WONDERS OF A LIVING LABORATORY—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

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